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Dialogue with Robert Brustein *Eric Bentley*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — May 17, 1969, 40 cents

Take a Hand

"Know your enemy," read posters of World War II. But who is it now? Is it the "less than two percent of our students [who] have engaged actively in any disruptions causing physical or property damage" (Attorney General John Mitchell)? Is it "the new barbarians" who occupy university buildings "against the will of university officials" (Assistant Attorney General William H. Rehnquist)? If these gentlemen are right, the United States has little to fear. Yet we are afraid, for reasons having little to do with kids or Communists. The Attorney General calls campus militants "tyrants." What then shall be said of the tyranny of evasion, complacency, self-deception? For what is it, if not self-deception, that prompts Mr. Mitchell to proclaim that "we have today in this nation more equality in the law, more honesty in politics, more ethics in science, more people employed and less people hungry, and more religious dedication to the problems of society than at any other period in our history and than any other nation in the world"? How, other than cruelly evasive and complacent, is one to characterize the statement (Continued on page 5)

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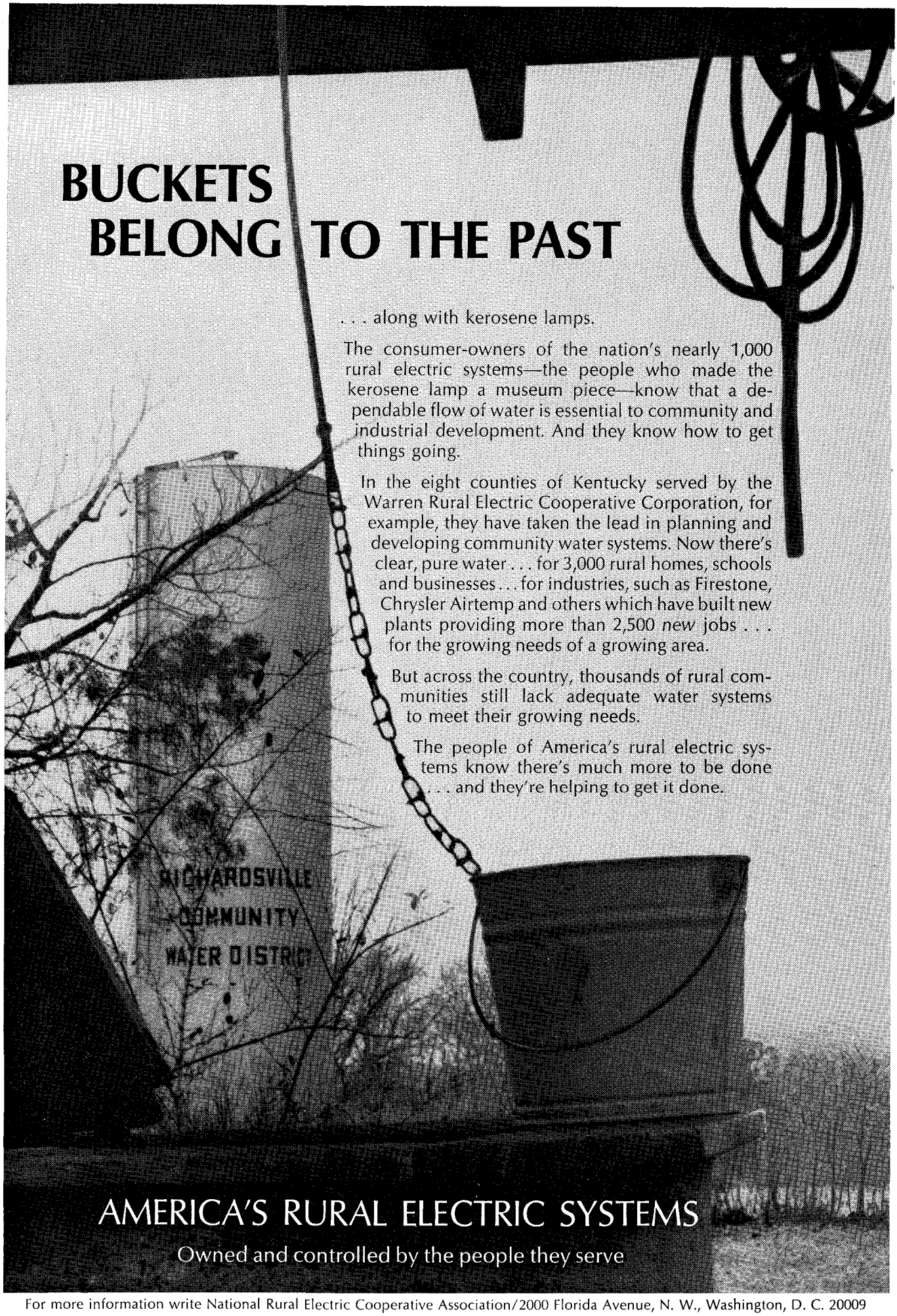

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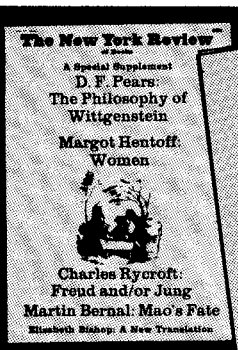

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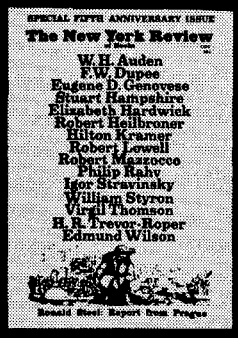

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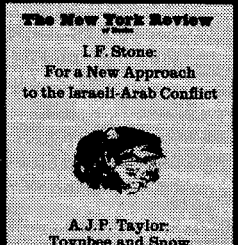

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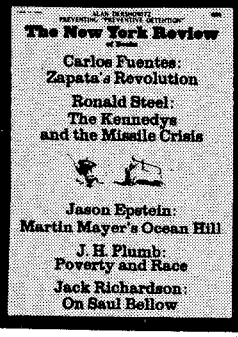

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TRB

from Washington

Shadow on the Court

When Abe Fortas was nominated to be Chief Justice we thought he would get confirmation and we rejoiced. He is a liberal and we are liberal and we thought his appointment might continue the splendid direction of the Warren court – reapportionment, fair housing, civil rights, free speech, the rights of criminal defendants and the rest. We thought the Senate attack upon him outrageous. Yes, he had given advice to Lyndon Johnson, and so what? Frankfurter did the same to FDR. Yes, the appointment was made by a lame-duck Administration, and what of that? It has been done frequently before. We thought the nature of the attack was vicious. Southern conservatives virtually denounced him for decisions on controversial issues in a maneuver tantamount to an attempt to destroy the independence of the judiciary. They were condemning not him but the majority of the Court. When Sen. Strom Thurmond arranged a striptease "peep show" film for other leering senators in the effort to make pornography an issue against Justice Fortas it seemed to us one of the most obscene spectacles we have seen in Washington, worthy of Jonathan Swift's Yahoos.

But then came the curious revelation that Justice Fortas has received $15,000 raised by five businessmen, for teaching a few hours at a local summer school. It semed very peculiar. This brilliant, affluent man didn't need the money. We believed them and believe now there was no ulterior motive. (One contributor's son had business before the Court.) Fortas' salary was around $60,000. It showed a queer obtuseness. The nomination was withdrawn; we thought no more about it. Now muckraking *Life* magazine shows the Justice held a sum of money, $20,000 for 11 months and then returned it to the Wolfson Family Foundation whose founder was in trouble with the law, and is now in jail. The Justice gives no adequate explanation of the affair. What if this revelation had come while he was Chief Justice? If Justice Fortas had been a conservative and we had disliked him even a small part as much as the Thurmonds hate him because he is a liberal, we should certainly have criticized him. We see no reason for not doing as much now although he is a liberal and although, on the whole, we admire and extol his judicial viewpoint. His explanation certainly has not expunged the "appearance of impropriety" which should be the criterion. He revives the whole queasy feeling of wheeling-dealing of the Johnson Administration. He has let our side down. Far, far worse, he has left a shadow on the august Court.

Hunger Fighters

We sat in the big auditorium of the Senate Office building last week and thought about two men who weren't there. One was defeated, the other shot. A couple of Cabinet members were on hand telling the committee yes, there is hunger in America and yes, Mr. Nixon is going to spend an extra billion to try to assuage it. It was a huge windowless room with TV tripods and all. And the two men who weren't there were, of course, Bobby Kennedy and Joe Clark (D., Pa.), defeated last year. They were the ones who helped put hunger on the map. They toured the Delta area of the Mississippi in April 1967. They found hunger. There were others before and after them, of course, but they made the trail.

The Field Foundation sent a team of doctors in June, 1967, who described "starvation." Gov. Paul Johnson promptly dispatched a team of prominent Mississippi doctors to the same area: they found no evidence. It was like that all the way; everything denied. Next year came *Hunger: USA*, and the splendid CBS documentary, "Hunger in America." At every point the vested interests, the respectables, recoiled at these allegations. House Agriculture Committee Chairman W. R. Poage of Texas polled county health officers; malnutrition? – nonsense! But Sen. McGovern picked up the fight. And Ralph Abernathy in his Poverty Crusade here testified, "We're not going to go away, just as hunger is not going to go away."

What do you do when a Crusade wins? What does it look like; what happens? Well, it looks like a big room in the Senate with reporters and cameras where everybody is noting that the President is going to spend a billion more dollars (as though that ended it) and where, after only two years a Cabinet member (HEW Secretary Finch) says, "The real disgrace of the country was not the hunger, but that we didn't even know!" That's what the end of a crusade looks like – the crusade to wake a nation up. As to getting proper funds, that's another matter; it's just starting. Sen. Mondale (D., Mont.) said wistfully of the Nixon promises: "We keep authorizing dreams and appropriating peanuts." True, alas. But anyway, we nodded our head a second to two men who weren't there – Bobby Kennedy and Joe Clark, Hunger Fighters.

Share the Wealth

Round about the time you read this, or maybe in a couple of weeks, Mr. Nixon will offer us FSP, his Family Security Program. Secretary Finch wants him to replace the controversial federal-state aid to dependent children with an all-federal program giving families of four, say, with no income, $1,500 a year.

Circumstances seem pushing us toward some kind of a federal floor under income. If you don't follow these things you may not be aware how far they've gone. Mr. Nixon says "tinkering" with the crazy welfare isn't enough. Government agencies are now studying things like the Negative Income Tax, and the Children's Allowance system of Canada. Straws in the wind: the Nixon tax package itself offered a modest step toward wealth redistribution (repeal of seven percent investment tax credit for business; removal of low-income individuals from federal income tax). Note also that the conservative *Reader's Digest* has an approving piece this month on Negative Income Tax. We'll know more about the soul of this rather shadowy and anonymous Administration when we get FSP.

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Take a Hand

of the Deputy Attorney General, Richard G. Kleindienst, who speaks of the young rebel as a "modern ideological criminal," and goes on to state that we enjoy "the most nearly perfect government which civilization has produced"? The gulf between such conceit and reality may be so wide that it can no longer be bridged. If it is to be bridged, the concerned scholarly community must play a leading role, clarifying and advertising our defects, proposing corrective measures, taking politics not as a spectator sport but as a solemn duty.

That is beginning to happen. Without sacrificing its professional responsibility to the training of the young in "learning to use the tools the race has found indispensable," the universities are looking over the walls which separate town and gown. This larger awareness is illustrated in the recent letter of Amherst College's president, Dr. Calvin H. Plimpton, to Richard Nixon (printed on page 7). Dr. Plimpton was speaking for the whole student body and the faculty, who had participated in a two-day "debate, discussion and meditation." Campus disorder, Dr. Plimpton suggested, is a reflection, not a cause of social disorder. Student agitation "will continue," he told Mr. Nixon, "until you and the other political leaders of our country address more effectively, massively and persistently the major social and foreign problems of our country."

One expects the university to set the true perspective, to serve itself and the larger society by demanding that society see itself as it is and could be. That is what Amherst has done.

The issues that agitate students are, for the most part, surrogate issues. ROTC and the draft are not of decisive importance; yet each symbolizes that militarization of our society which we are coming to identify as one of the gravest threats to the Republic. The evangelists for black studies or larger black enrollments are talking over the heads of their immediate audience to the discrepancies so long ignored, between the reward and respect black and white get in the US. Student demands that universities show more concern for the nearby poor, speak to the fact that there are 12-15 million Americans living in families earning less than $2,200 a year, and 5.2 million in families that have less than a $1,000 a year income. In brief, these "tyrants," these "new barbarians," these "modern ideological criminals" are demanding we recognize our racism, the shoddiness of mass culture and our urban life, the hollowness of

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political rhetoric and the mediocrity of leadership. It is not some vicious perversity or the permissiveness of parents which has charged student impatience; it is the irresponsibility, the me-first-and-last attitude of adults. That is the "enemy." "The nation," as Dr. Plimpton said, "has no adequate plans for meeting the crises of our society." Not because we are a physically impoverished nation, but because our most extravagant plans are for continuing counterrevolutionary violence in Vietnam (in the name of law and order) – at a price, as of March 15, of a total 577,830 killed; or for such things as an ABM system, for which the President asks the Congress to spend $8 billion at the start (cost estimates were up $1.2 billion last week) – a new missile gadget which is not needed for our security, may not work, and is likely to upset the present, precarious balance of terror.

The abrasive defiance heard on the campuses here and around the world is not a display of disrespect for justice or liberty; just the opposite. It expresses a distrust of "them"; it confirms the crumbling of confidence in established authority. And why not? How much respect does a society deserve, if it has a Gross National Product last year of $861 billion, and Washington spends $184 million to clean up polluted rivers and streams? Are the students to pledge allegiance to a House of Representatives, whose major business on Monday, May 5, was the striking of four medals in commemoration of such glories as the fiftieth anniversary of the US diplomatic courier service?

Because the nation is in disorder, the schools are too. But the schools must not shut down. They must go on educating. And to do so they must use, and are using, what they are presumed to have in ample supply – reason – in dealing with student rebellion. If that does not suffice and the universities are physically assaulted, they must defend their existence by using their power to suspend or expel. It is not a prescription for saving society, but it may be necessary to keep the universities in business. What the Amherst letter has brought into the open, however, is that the universities are responding to the turmoil outside. President Pusey of Harvard recalled the other day that the "use of violence and the effort to disrupt . . . started with us in 1966 at the time of the McNamara incident"; and that there was "another episode the following year when the Dow recruiter came to our community. . . ." Both appearances were invitations to protest such atrocities as America's having dropped (as of the end of February) over three million tons of bombs on Vietnam; or our having defoliated thousands of acres in that peasant country (dollar cost: $168 million; moral cost: incalculable). "The thing that makes it [protest] possible," Dr. Pusey said, "is that there exists . . . a very general discontent and unease in the student body *and in the whole community* [italics added]." If we do not put student-faculty militance in this context, we miss its meaning and cannot come to terms with it. Bright students with a social conscience see that many old routines are anachronistic; they feel suffocated by bigness, impersonality, pretense, indifference, and their reaction is not temperate. In commenting on violence in a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*, Hannah Arendt speaks of "the disintegration processes which have become so manifest in recent years – the decay of many public services, of schools and police, of mail delivery and transportation, the death rate on highways and the traffic problems in the cities." She reminds us that these "concern everything designed to serve mass society. Bigness is afflicted with vulnerability, and while no one can say with assurance where and when the breaking point has been reached, we can observe, almost to the point of measuring it, how strength and resiliency are insidiously destroyed, leaking, as it were, drop by drop from our institutions." We do not know, she says, "where these developments will lead us, but we can see how cracks in the power structure of all but the small countries are opening and widening. And we know, or should know, that every decrease of power is an open invitation to violence – if only because those who hold power and feel it slipping from their hands have always found it difficult to resist the temptation of substituting violence for it." It is a temptation the Mayor Daleys do not resist, and it becomes more alluring each day.

Yet one wonders if the Attorney General honestly thinks that the rising defiance of authority can be diminished by invoking an antiriot statute that would penalize those who, if they could be convicted, were found to have crossed state lines with intent to foment civil strife? Or can he believe that the domestic tranquility will be enhanced by his announcement that the federal government is "collecting a great deal of information about student disorders and those who caused them," which information he is offering "to state and local law enforcement officials"? The enemy is not a young delinquent, but a delinquent society. The young shout, picket, occupy buildings, because they feel powerless to do much else. They *are* capable of behaving otherwise, they will give at least guarded trust – if, in turn, they are given leadership with an audacity, honesty, compassion and impatience that match their own. They responded to Eugene McCarthy and to Robert Kennedy. They responded to the Peace Corps. It will be harder now than before for any Establishment leader or cause to win that same respect, but it can still be done.

University communities, however, must now do more than wait around for someone else to show the way. They must take a hand. "It would be a feeble kind of defeatism," Walter Lippmann said in these pages three years ago, "to think that man, who is penetrating the secrets of matter and of life itself, is

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unable to make usable the knowledge he is able to acquire." The universities must speak plainly about our national mistakes and neglect. And they can, with effect, for they and the churches are institutions which retain some semblance of moral authority.

Academic communities throughout the country ought now to be endorsing the Amherst statement and publicizing it. Beyond that, the colleges and universities should start planning a reproduction, each in its own way, of the Amherst all-college convocation, setting aside one or two days during the week of the fall term to debate "the major social and foreign problems of our society" and to formulate concrete proposals for change. The clergy – Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, should do likewise – gathering the same week in cities and towns to decide what needs doing if we are to regain our self-resepect as a people. If these advocates of reflection and compassion do not take a hand in setting the conditions for civil peace and the restoration of confidence in America, who will?

The Amherst College Statement

The following communication to President Nixon from Dr. Calvin H. Plimpton, president of Amherst College, was made public on May 2:

The faculty and students of Amherst College have just experienced an extraordinary two days. Our usual educational activities were replaced by debate, discussion and meditation, which have given shape to our beliefs about the nature of higher education and the governance of educational institutions.

It is clear that we have much to do to set our own house in order. We are convinced, and have shown during these days, that changes, even fundamental ones, can take place without physical duress.

It will require all our care and energy in the months ahead to combine change with continuity, to provide students with a real and regular role in influencing their education and the college's government, and to honor both intellectual discipline and creativity.

We have as a college emerged from these two days with a renewed sense of the urgency and seriousness with which we must attend to our primary purpose.

We have also as a college embraced a new sense of urgency of another kind. We believe that we must speak out to make clear that much of the turmoil among young people and among those who are dedicated to humane and reasoned changes will continue.

It will continue until you and the other political leaders of our country address more effectively, massively, and persistently the major social and foreign problems of our society. Part of this turmoil in universities derives from the distance separating the American dream from the American reality.

Institutions dedicated to the nurture, husbanding, and growth of critical intelligence, and to inquiry into basic problems cannot but open people's eyes to the shoddiness of many aspects of our society.

In yesterday's *New York Times* it is reported that five officers in your Cabinet "seemed to agree that the disorder was caused by a small minority of students."

Our conviction is that such a view is seriously in error if it is taken to mean that no legitimate and important reasons exist for the anger and sense of impotence felt by many students and faculty.

The pervasive and insistent disquiet on many campuses throughout the nation indicates that unrest results, not from a conspiracy by a few, but from a shared sense that the nation has no adequate plans for meeting the crises of our society. To name only one issue of special concern to the students: since the Kerner Commission's report, there has been no decisive response to its recommendations.

We do not say that all the problems faced by colleges and universities are a reflection of the malaise of the larger society. That is not true. But we do say that until political leadership addresses itself to the major problems of our society – the huge expenditure of national resources for military purposes, the inequities practiced by the present draft system, the critical needs of America's 23,000,000 poor, the unequal division of our life on racial issues – until this happens, the concern and energy of those who know the need for change will seek outlets for their frustration.

We realize that in writing this letter we have taken the unusual step of speaking publicly for our community on pressing issues of the moment. We do this out of an urgent concern to question the widely held view that university unrest is merely an internal problem, or at most fomented by an outside influence.

More, we believe that if political leaders act on this mistaken assumption, their actions will serve only to widen the separations within the university and between the universities and society at large.

If, however, this important element in student unrest is understood, it would be possible for you, Mr. President, to redirect youthful energy toward those more idealistic, creative and generous actions which reflect a concern for others. Your influence can provide that hope which encourages those visions to which young men so gladly dedicate themselves, and we will support those efforts.

I send this letter to you on behalf of an overwhelming majority of Amherst students, faculty and administration who attended the closing meeting of our days of inquiry tonight. Copies of this letter with the signatures of all those who wish to subscribe will follow as soon as possible.

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More for Fulbright

We reported last week *(Attention: Mr. Fulbright)* on the clandestine conversion of Taiwan into a base for support of the US war in Vietnam. A postscript to that story concerns the Military Advisory Assistance Group operation on Quemoi, 2,300 meters off the mainland. It is of particular interest in view of Pentagon denials that there were any American forces on the offshore islands. A *Navy Times* editor last month interviewed the head of a nine-month MAAG team serving there. "In his office, deep in a mountain cave," wrote *Navy Times*, "the colonel pointed out that the island afforded an excellent vantage point to observe Red movement along the mainland and get valuable intelligence data from fishermen and others who make the swim to freedom. His team was making its biggest contribution in the areas of engineering, supply and communications maintenance, he said, and his men had been on field exercises with the Chinese for joint command experiences." The colonel shares the Nationalist view, it was reported, that possession of Quemoi embarrasses "the Reds, ties down a large Red military force around the mainland port of Amoy, denies the enemy access to the straits and . . . 'keeps the fire of hope burning in millions of hearts on the Chinese mainland.' " Such is "mutual defense."

Uneasy Calm in Bolivia

The political calm that has prevailed in Bolivia since the death of President Barrientos cannot be interpreted as a demonstration that Bolivia has achieved a stable constitutional democracy. Great strides have been made in that direction since the 1952 revolution, and particularly during the Barrientos presidency. No subsequent president will be able to ignore the interests of the Indian majority, as presidents and viceroys had routinely done for centuries. Barrientos spoke their language, took part in their fiestas, shook their hands, kissed their babies, listened to their problems. They cared about him as they care about their land. Bolivia is the only South American country in which the hacienda system has been abolished, and this is one political and economic fact of which the small farmer, who is the Bolivian everyman, is aware. But as Che Guevara found, there is no interest in ideologies, in movements, in "Western" institutions. The typical Bolivian, beyond the tin mines and La Paz, could not care less about constitutions, parties, and political systems. He would probably fight if any political leader were so obtuse as to attempt to turn back the revolution and take away his land; but short of that unlikely possibility, conditions in Bolivia are still conducive to *coup*-and-decree government.

What has so far preserved constitutional government in Bolivia, since the fatal helicopter crash of April 27th, is that this has best served the interests of the man who is the only potential leader of a *coup* in sight. General Alfredo Ovando, commander-in-chief of the armed forces and a long-time political ally and rival of the late president, could take over the government in a moment, if he chose. President Siles, who as Barrientos' vice president succeeded constitutionally to the office, has no power base, either popular or military. If Ovando shows him the door, he will have no choice but to walk through it. Ovando knows, however, that he can succeed to the presidency legally in the 1970 elections.

The certainty of Ovando's election in 1970 is in large measure due to the fact that all potential rivals were sent into exile by Barrientos. President Siles' best chance of preserving the integrity of the Bolivian constitution and serving out his inherited term in peace is to preserve General Ovando's equanimity by keeping them there. Ironically, Siles, who is as devoted to the constitution as Barrientos was to his airplane, beautiful women, and the little people of Bolivia, has made what reputation he has mainly as an opponent of Barrientos' propensity to resort to exile as a means to a political end. Siles regards political exile as unacceptable precisely because it is unconstitutional. His choice is now whether to destroy the constitution by upholding it, or to defend it by subverting it.

Missing from the Record

On March 4 Harvard University's Dr. George Wald, 1967 Nobel prize winner in physiology and medicine, spoke extemporaneously to 1,200 people in MIT's Kresge Auditorium. The day had been set aside for discussions of the social misuse of science.

This journal reported at the time that Wald was "the senior speaker who seemed to communicate best to the student audience." Two *Boston Globe* reporters returned to their office, saying independently, "I think I've just listened to the most important speech of my lifetime." The *Globe* had the entire speech transcribed and published it. The address also attracted three Senators and two Congressmen; they each had it reprinted in the *Congressional Record*. Members of Congress are not supposed to insert in the *Record* material that has already appeared there, but according to the *Congressional Record* index clerk, "members sometimes ignore the rule if they're impressed with something or real critical of something." Rep. Donald Fraser put the speech in the *Record* March 17. Senators George Mc-

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Govern, William Saxbe, Mark Hatfield, and Rep. William S. Moorhead followed.

The reprinted text was complete in each case but one. Senator Hatfield omitted the paragraph in Wald's remarks that drew the most sustained applause from the MIT audience. The offending, deleted paragraph, read: "A few months ago, Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia ended a speech in the Senate with the words: 'If we have to start over with Adam and Eve, I want them to be Americans; and I want them on this continent and not in Europe.' That was a United States Senator holding a patriotic speech. Well, here is a Nobel Laureate who thinks that those words are criminally insane." Raymond Underwood, the Senator's legislative assistant said Hatfield deliberately left out the passage "because it would be offensive to Senator Russell, but the rest of the speech was so valuable that he wanted to share it with his colleagues without slapping Senator Russell in the face."

Mrs. Knauer's Hometown

Mrs. Virginia Knauer, the President's new Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, could find no better place to begin her investigation into the plight of the low-income consumer than her own hometown of Philadelphia, where the poor are cheated mercilessly.

The credit laws are so heavily weighted in favor of the seller that courts are little more than collection agencies. In Philadelphia, there is no provision for garnishment of wages in contractual agreements. In lieu of garnishment, most creditors attach property to satisfy debts; and the property-owner has little defense even against grossly unjust debts, for by signing a confession-of-judgment contract, he waives his rights to defend himself.

An elderly Negro couple, thinking they were paying $650 to have their 14-foot-wide row house painted, were tricked into signing a blank note which was later filled in, obligating them to pay $1,650. When they got a month behind in their final $200 worth of payments because of sickness and unemployment, the finance company had their furniture put up for public auction. Valued at $3,000, the furniture was bought by the only bidder, the vice president of the finance company that had ordered the foreclosure, for $90. When the couple resisted losing their possessions, eight sheriff's deputies broke into their home to confiscate it.

Another man in North Philadelphia, the city's black section, bought a three-year-old automobile for a cash price of $1,995 plus credit charges, making a total of $2,700. After paying more than $1,000 on the car, he was unable to keep up payments. The finance company repossessed the car and sold it at auction for $500, one-fourth what the man paid for it a year previously. The $500 was subtracted from his debt, but he still owed a "deficiency judgment" of $1,189, mostly for unused credit charges. To satisfy this debt, the finance company then had his house put up for "sheriff's sale"; it was sold to the finance company's attorney for $475.

Last October, one Philadelphian who had been struggling to keep up mortgage payments – by borrowing from relatives and cutting down on food for his family – sent $81.60 to a finance company to forestall sale of his house, but the company said it was not enough, since he still owned $95.91 for their lawyer's fees. They returned his $81.60 with this notice: "I must advise you that said sum was neither timely nor sufficient to stay the Sheriff's Sale. Your property was sold at Sale held on October 7, 1968." A few days later, this man, with six children, received a notice to vacate in 72 hours or be forcibly ejected.

The black poor have been forced literally to take to the streets to protect themselves. Organized under the name of the Consumers Education and Protective Association, residents are trying to get justice by picketing local businesses that engage in fraud and exploitation. CEPA has even picketed downtown banks that cooperate with exploitative merchants by buying up their installment contracts. After one particularly vicious home fire-alarm racket had swept the Negro community, it was found that most of the contracts were held by the prestigious First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust Co. of Philadelphia. Embarrassed by CEPA's exposé and fearing business-damaging publicity, some merchants and finance companies have been pressured into making refunds, canceling contracts and halting sheriff's sales. When two irate companies in Philadelphia went to court recently to try to get an injunction against the picketing, a judge upheld CEPA's right to picket, stating that under existing law, such action was the only way consumers in Philadelphia could get justice.

Mr. Justice Fortas

Now and again, but rarely, judges of the Supreme Court have dabbled in Washington kitchen-cabinet politics or toyed with the prospect of nomination for political office, have traveled the lecture circuits for pay, constituted themselves goodwill ambassadors to foreign lands, and otherwise dissipated their energies and prestige to the detriment of their high function. Justice Abe Fortas was unable to shed his kitchen-cabinet role in Lyndon Johnson's Administration, he has lectured around the country, and he has conducted a summer seminar for a quite unusually large fee, paid

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out of a fund the collection of which from five wealthy men was orchestrated by his former law partner. All this constitutes unbecoming conduct, and in large part, it cost Justice Fortas the Chief Justiceship last spring. Still, though not to be condoned, it was not unheard of. Now the unheard-of has sadly been heard about Justice Fortas. *Life* magazine reports that in January, 1966, Justice Fortas, three months in office, received and cashed a check for $20,000 from the Wolfson Family Foundation. At that time, Louis Wolfson, who with his brother established the Foundation, and Elkin Gerbert, his partner and treasurer of the foundation were the subjects of an SEC investigation that ultimately resulted in their indictment and criminal conviction. Wolfson had been and Gerbert later became a client of Justice Fortas' former law firm, Arnold and Porter.

In June 1966, six months after he had received the $20,000, Justice Fortas spent three days at Wolfson's horse farm in Florida. At this time the SEC investigation was moving rapidly toward its culmination in criminal proceedings. A former associate of Wolfson and Gerbert, one Alexander Rittmaster, who was indicted with them, told *Life*, as he has also told government lawyers, that Justice Fortas discussed the SEC investigation with Wolfson and Gerbert while at the horse farm, and that it was Gerbert's understanding that the Justice would concern himself to see that the case was "taken care of." Rittmaster's story is not based on personal knowledge, however. He does not claim himself to have been in any communication with Justice Fortas. He purports merely to repeat what he heard contemporaneously from Wolfson and Gerbert.

On October 18, 1966, the indictments against Wolfson and Gerbert were filed. On December 22, nearly a year after he received the check from the Wolfson Family Foundation, Justice Fortas returned the $20,000 to the Foundation by personal check. When the *Life* report was published, Justice Fortas issued a statement. He had not, he said, "accepted any fee or emolument" from Wolfson or his Foundation. He knew, he went on, of "the significant and commendable work of Mr. Wolfson and his Family Foundation in the field of harmonious racial and religious relations." This was an area in which he had, said the Justice, "a continuing interest apart from my official judicial or legal function." The $20,000 check had been sent him in the hope that he could find the time to do some research and writing "connected with the work of the Foundation," and that he could perform these tasks "consistently with my Court obligations." It did not turn out that way, and "I returned the fee with my thanks." Never, said the Justice, since becoming a member of the Court, had he intervened anywhere in behalf of Wolfson, or rendered Wolfson any legal advice or services.

As an attempt to conclude the matter, this statement won't do. It is not enough. Justice Fortas says nothing about how long he retained the money, and something over eleven months is longer than his bland statement quite explains. It is longer, for one thing, than is implied by the assurance that "I have not accepted any fee or emolument." The use of $20,000 interest-free for eleven months is an emolument. Nor does Justice Fortas mention the trip to the horse farm. He did mention it in a letter to *Life*, which apprised him of its investigation into his relationship with Wolfson before publishing its report. In this letter he said that the Wolfson Family Foundation – meaning, no doubt, its board – met in his presence during his stay at the farm. He did not, the Justice added, discuss business or legal affairs.

The Rittmaster story, which is to the contrary, but is hearsay, does not necessarily implicate the Justice in anything but naive behavior, and would do so whether or not $20,000 had changed hands temporarily. Wolfson and Gerbert could have used his name without his knowledge, and lied about his involvement. Naive behavior on the part of the Justice, but very naive. And the $20,000 did change hands for nearly a year, and it constituted, *Life* reports, a very considerable fraction of the Wolfson Foundation's total grants in the year in which it was paid. Out of an income of $115,200 in 1966, the Foundation apparently paid out, after expenses, $77,680 in grants, and $20,000 to Justice Fortas.

The incident is very probably the gravest known lapse in the personal ethics of a Justice of the Supreme Court in the history of the institution. If Justice Fortas was present in Florida or elsewhere at a discussion of the Wolfson-Gerbert legal difficulties, or if he rendered any advice or assistance, he must resign. We may believe that he was not and did not. But there is the touch of disingenuousness in his statement and in his letter to *Life*, as there was in his testimony at the Senate hearings on his nomination to the Chief Justiceship last spring, particularly in his description of his analytic but not advisory function at White House meetings. Again we find the Justice in the role of largely silent observer at a conference, this time down on the horse farm.

A way must be found to clear up the Rittmaster story, perhaps as Senator Kennedy has suggested, in a Congressional hearing. The matter is painful, and the temptation simply to ride out the storm must be great for all men of goodwill and compassion. Who, sighed Senator Hart of Michigan, assuming for the second time in a year the burden of the Fortas defense, is without fault and shall cast the first stone? But the integrity of a Justice of the Supreme Court is in question. It is no light thing, and ought not to be treated as if it were.

Alexander M. Bickel

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The Problem Is: "We Have Too Many Rights"

Chicago

At the close of the trial of 28 persons arrested over seven months ago for picketing the Democratic National Convention, assistant Chicago corporation counsel Arthur Mooradian told the jury that the city arrested the defendants because they acted unreasonably by refusing to "give up temporarily their right to free speech and assembly." The problem with this society, said Mooradian, "is that we have too many rights. Citizens have to be willing to give up some of the rights protected by this here [sic] 1st Amendment."

The jury returned a verdict of guilty for "interfering with a police officer in the performance of his duties," and circuit court magistrate Dwight McKay on April 30 levied the maximum fine of $500 on each defendant. (They could have been fined as little as $5 apiece.) For the defendants who do not have that kind of money the alternative is 100 days in county jail.

The 28 – of whom I was one – were arrested at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, August 28, at 43rd and Halstead streets, directly opposite the Amphitheatre, where the Democratic convention was to convene for the day's business at noon. The arrest followed a march from the Loop the previous day and an all-night picket of the Amphitheatre. The pickets included history professor Staughton Lynd, a retired Army colonel, ministers, teachers, students and other professional people (many of them Quakers) who were there for the purpose of "mourning the violent suppression of human rights in Vietnam, Czechoslovakia, and Chicago." When the police closed off the area surrounding the Amphitheatre in preparation for the arrival of the delegates, the pickets were told to leave or face arrest. When the marchers asserted their constitutional right to picket, the police vans rolled. The defendants spent eight hours in jail before they were brought before a magistrate for a bail hearing. At no time did the police inform them of their constitutional rights; repeated requests for telephone calls to attorneys were denied; they were represented by counsel at the bail hearing only because friends who knew of the arrests had informed the American Civil Liberties Union.

As early as January 1968, city, state and federal law enforcement officials were meeting regularly to develop security plans for the convention. It was at these meetings that the decision was made to close off a square-mile area around the Amphitheatre to unauthorized personnel during the hours of each day that the convention would be in session. Although this decision was reached well in advance of convention week, no attempt was made to secure either a court order or a legislative enactment to authorize putting the area out of bounds to the general public. The order was relayed from top law-enforcement officials down through the chain-of-command of the Chicago police department to Deputy Chief John Hartnett who was in charge of the external security of the Amphitheatre. No one is sure of the exact order, because it was *oral*. (The city was unable to produce a scrap of paper during the trial.) Capt. Hartnett had almost unlimited discretion in deciding whom he would admit, and whom he would not. Delegates, residents, deliverymen, service vehicles, and precinct captains with "We Love Mayor Daley" placards were admitted; political protesters were excluded or arrested.

When Capt. Hartnett was on the witness stand, the defense counsel had him read from Sec. 38 of the Illinois criminal code, specifically from a 1967 statute prohibiting residential picketing. From his own mouth came the exceptions to the statute: "This article does not prohibit the peaceful picketing of a . . . place of holding a meeting or assembly on premises commonly used to discuss subjects of general public interest." The International Amphitheatre is just such a place. The officer admitted that he knew of this statute when he ordered the arrests, but he was "following orders."

The prosecution agreed that the defendants had at all times acted peacefully, and had offered no resistance when arrested. The defendants did not dispute the fact that they had refused to disperse when ordered to do so, but maintained that the dispersal order prevented the exercise of their freedom of speech and assembly guaranteed under the 1st and 14th Amendments and furthermore, that the order was in direct violation of the express language of the Illinois residential picketing act. The question was not one of fact, but of law – was the police decision to close the area (which served as the basis for the arrests) legal?

The appeal motion filed on behalf of the defendants asks for reversal on a number of grounds, one being "that the court failed to properly instruct the jury as to the law in the case." One might also argue that somewhere along the line, someone failed to properly instruct the Chicago judicial system. The Chicago corporation counsel's office was prominent in the street disorders during the convention. The prosecutors served as Daley's direct command link with the Chicago police. There is a picture in the Walker Report of Arthur Mooradian, his finger on the button of a can of Mace, crouching to one side while several cops are beating *Daily News* reporter John Linstead.

Most defendants in convention-week cases who entered guilty or *nolo contendere* pleas received fines averaging around $50. Two defendants in the present case had to leave the country for missionary work before the trial date. One pled *nolo* and received a $25

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fine; the other was tried *ex parte* and was fined $50. Chicago magistrates have no judicial tenure. They serve at the pleasure of the chief judge, who serves at the pleasure of Mayor Daley. Magistrate McKay is an old machine stalwart from the Seventh Ward who pulls down a $20,000 salary from the city and is three years away from retirement. Throughout the eight-day trial he was solicitous of the defendants' comfort in the antiquated courtroom, treated them with courtesy and respect, and fined them $500 apiece.

Stanley W. Dry

Dialogue with Robert Brustein

"Going over to the Enemy"

by Eric Bentley

Today the conflicts of interest are so acute, and the concomitant feelings of hostility so strong, that, at many points, "dialogue" is fruitless and a mockery. But as between Robert Brustein and myself these conditions do not obtain. We are old friends and have labored in the same vineyards. I suppose that the question now is whether being a Dean is forcing him into solidarity with other Deans, which in turn would mean a break with his old friends and co-workers.

I should, however, make it plain that I agree with what I take to be the main point of his declaration, "The Case for Professionalism" (*NR*, April 26, 1969), which is that up to now the student left has failed to understand university education and maybe all education. Let me restate the point in my own way, and with my own provincialism—Columbia, not Yale, as the center of the universe. The Student Afro-American Society wants its undergraduate members to control admission to Columbia of all students with what is called black skin, even though no group or groups of students controls admission of students with what is called white skin. There is a valid criticism of the old principle of admission involved, namely, that it confused cultural superiority with class superiority, but it has not been made clear what the new principle will be, except perhaps a preference for militant and malcontent attitudes. (I am *for* such attitudes but . . .) Students for a Democratic Society differ with their black brothers on nearly everything, and specifically on admission to Columbia. What they want is that anyone from the four high schools nearest Columbia should be allowed to enter the university without test or question. In which manner universities that previously had entertained the notion of being national institutions would have to settle down to being community colleges, modestly continuing the work of the high school at the end of the block. On such terms, they would be able to keep all their faculty mediocrities, while losing all teachers of real eminence. SDS leaders themselves, admitted to Columbia through their own academic excellence, would find themselves outside the gates. And so on. This whole way of thinking is absurd and incidentally bears no relation to any revolutionary America of the future. Under a revolutionary regime, national institutions would remain national. Columbia would be made more elitist, not less. And a very good thing too. A higher degree of selectivity is really needed, not a less, even if with some different *ways* of making the selection. (I admit that SDS's position is sanity itself compared with positions taken by some of the Yippies. Abbie Hoffman has proposed burning down all high schools, a very funny idea indeed – and he aims to be funny – because, in the past, though they have sometimes burned their enemies, revolutionaries have always kept buildings intact – for their own use. But then Abbie regards Sirhan Sirhan as a freedom fighter.)

So much to establish that I believe Robert Brustein has a good solid point. The question is whether this entitles him to take off in a new direction. Not long ago he signed a "Resist" statement which endorsed not only legal forms of opposition to the Vietnam war but illegal ones. Surely Vietnam is not unique? Is not an exception to all rules? The Resist people certainly don't think so, and have subsequently issued other statements, including one that ends with the avowal: "We therefore find ourselves engaged in an effort to reconstruct American society by deliberately going outside of the existing political system." How about that? Can American *education* be reconstructed without going outside existing academic politics? Many of us doubt it, and it may be of interest that a liberal, nonradical Columbia professor, Amitai Etzioni, has recently recommended that the principal "outside," extra-legal device of campus disputes –

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the sit-in or occupation – be recognized as legitimate, as strikes have been in labor-management disputes.

That, I think, is the main issue. My friend Robert does not say where he now stands on it, and I might have just sat back and waited for him to explain himself on some future occasion were his present article not dotted with epithets, phrases, ironies, sarcasms, and above all exaggerations, which suggest that he is going over to the enemy. What are we to make, for example, of his vision of a future in which "everybody has opinions, few have facts, nobody has an idea"? It strikes me as a description of Columbia Low Library as run by Grayson Kirk and David Truman. Or of All the Russias until Lenin came along. It has no special relevance to present-day radicals. Or: "that sentimental egalitarianism which assumes that each man excels in everything." No such egalitarianism pervades student meetings: sometimes, as the tide of misanthropy rises, I wish it did. Or: "the familiar litany of admiration for the current student generation." Is "litany" a fair word here? I mean: can admiration legitimately be *avoided*? What the students have done is to come out of the coma of the Joe McCarthy era and even help America to come out of that coma.

I would not pick on phrases if they were not infused, as is Robert's whole article, with a defensive conservatism that, to my mind, has no concrete content. "All this selfrighteous bustle over power." "In our intensely Romantic age, where so many activities are being politicalized . . ." One would like to interrupt at such a point and ask if he has forgotten *why* politics became so all-pervasive and *whose fault* it was? And whether things, in this respect, musn't get worse before they can get better? But the very first phrase of his whole article contains what turns out to be the premise of the whole presentation: "Among the many valuable things on the verge of disintegration in contemporary America is . . ." Ah, so America did have integrity and integration until yesterday? Did have professionalism until it was upset by the amateurs? The implied philosophy is pure conservatism, and I call it "without concrete content" not only because one cannot point to any such phrase preceding "disintegration," but also because I can only see Robert's present stance as something sheer Deanship must have pushed him into. Whether or not I am right about this, I would maintain that to abandon political radicalism in order to combat educational amateurism would be to empty out the baby with the bath.

ERIC BENTLEY, *former drama critic of* The New Republic *and now professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, is the author of* What Is Theatre?, The Life of the Drama *and the adapter and translator of* A Man's a Man *and* Mother Courage.

Mr. Brustein replies . . .

My friend Eric Bentley has responded to what was intended to be an impersonal analysis of the eroding effect of student radicalism on the function of education with an argument which forces me into personal testimony and defense. Such is the intensity of today's quarrels, as he suggests himself, that old friends are pressed into public confrontations.

To Mr. Bentley's assertions that I am "going over to the enemy" or abandoning "political radicalism" or engaging in "defensive conservatism," I must reply that I remain the man I always was – this may, indeed, be the source of our disagreement. As long ago as the fifties, when Eric Bentley was sniffing out "pseudo-radicalism" in American plays and productions (*pace* "The Missing Communist" and elsewhere), my major concern was with the defense of free artistic expression, and the alteration of any institutions that inhibited or blocked this expression (*pace* my "Madison Avenue Villain" and elsewhere). I am not by nature an ideological animal. I was originally attracted to scholarship through a love of art, and a respect for those men who were capable of speaking the truth, even when it was awful or unfashionable. The substance of my writings (and the theme of *The Theatre of Revolt*, as anyone knows who has read past the title) concerns the doubleness of great drama and the complexity of life, and so I have always felt a revulsion from monolithic thinking from any quarter.

Therefore, I do not love political radicalism for its own sake, and I deplore the kinds of thinking that expresses itself in terms of "enemies" and "sides." Since I was only a child in the thirties, I have no vestigial nostalgia for the conflicts of that period; since I was not particularly political in college, I do not feel compelled to relive my student radicalism today. In consequence, I do not share the current reflexive assumption that radical movements are necessarily more humane or more compassionate than other movements. I hear the SDS affirm this, but I see no evidence in fact. When I hear of a Columbia history professor having his arms pinioned by students about to occupy a building and being hit in the face with a club, or of the gentle lady president of Radcliffe being terrorized by students protesting a minor disciplinary action, I do not automatically think of the courteous Marxism espoused by Brecht, but rather of the bully tactics used by the Nazis (before they came to power) against the educational institutions of another corrupt liberal regime, the Weimar Republic. (Yes, the police use these tactics, too, when pulling out students – and should be banned from the campus for the same reason.) The SDS, and its supporters, always emphasizes its idealism when defending such actions; but I imagine Na-

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tional Socialism had idealists too (it was, after all, a partially *socialist* movement). Anyway, as a student of Ibsen and Shaw, Eric should be a little more skeptical of actions taken under the name of "idealism."

I loathe the Vietnam war, and I continue to support the Resist movement in its efforts to end that war. My question is whether the assault on the universities is helping to end the war – or to deflect the nation's attention from it. With university news getting such prominence these days in the media, the atrocities in Vietnam get elbowed off the front page, and so does the attention of the legislators who begin to pour their energies into making laws against disruption. It is obvious that the ROTC is an extension of the military on the campus, and I personally believe that it has no place whatsoever in the university, but I sincerely wonder how important this issue is in the order of priorities. While the great ROTC controversy of 1969 occupies the campus activists at Yale (and elsewhere), the Olin Mathiessen plant (and others) just down the street continues to pour out armaments that will be sent to Vietnam. While the university is being closed down, the munitions plants continue on twenty-four hour shifts, unnoticed, untouched, unaffected by student protesters.

Of course the university has been impure in its relations with the government; of course its expansion into slum communities has left many homeless; of course many professors have been mentally isolated from the vital concerns of the day. And these are issues that require varying degrees of radical reform. But it is also true that the university has been at the center of Vietnam resistance, that it has been in the forefront of enlarging educational possibilities for all the people of the nation, and that it has been attracting (until recently) some of the best and most effective minds in the country. To concentrate on the purification of the universities to the exclusion of concluding the war and solving urban problems is to play right into the hands of those who would perpetuate the conflict and maintain the ghettos. If I had an SDS-type mind, I would begin to suspect a conspiracy between the radical students and the Pentagon. As it is, I will satisfy myself with psychological rather than political explanations. The assault on the universities sometimes looks less to me like honest idealism than a grownup version of the bully game called "get the guy with the glasses." (I notice one of my correspondents offering to use a club against any lecturer he found engaged in military research. One of the studies that should be conducted by students and faculty alike is to what extent American violence has brutalized people on all sides of the political spectrum.)

My article was an implicit demand on people not to polarize dumbly into unthinking positions, but to keep alert to brutality wherever it may appear. In some non-polemical, nonpolitical corner of his mind, Eric Bentley must have realized that the "valuable things on the verge of disintegration" I referred to were not the social or political institutions that he (and I) may find wanting, but rather the kinds of conditions that were able to produce a Faulkner, a Fitzgerald, a Hemingway, an O'Neill, an Eliot, a Robert Lowell, an Edmund Wilson, a Lionel Trilling – in other words, the various consolations provided by art and intellect that are now in danger of being obliterated by clenched fists and clenched minds. The kind of thinking and writing being inspired by our current situation frankly appalls me: I do not think it is inapposite to observe how few legitimate works of art and intellect have been produced by the radical young, for all the ferment of the past three years (admittedly, I do not count rock music). I seem to remember that the French revolution wasn't very impressive in its cultural achievements either, apart from Delacroix – and man cannot live on revolution alone.

He cannot live on "relevance" alone either. My very simple point was that in order to become a doctor and help the sick of the ghettos, you must first study "irrelevant" subjects like comparative anatomy and organic chemistry. In the same way, you must give yourself up to the seeming irrelevancies of the past in order to be relevant to the present. Otherwise, you will be condemned to repeat the errors of history, as the saying goes – and as we seem to be doing at the present moment. Clearly, the system is not working, and I share a profound sense of disturbance about it. But I do not believe it can or should be improved by violence, and the eagerness of the radical young to escalate their actions to their irrational rhetoric makes me worry whether the society they would substitute would not be worse than the one we now have. What we need are ideas, not romantic gestures, and the current situation is preventing ideas from being formulated.

A last word. I must be very careful – indeed, everyone must be careful – not to generalize wildly about students. They are an incredibly diverse and various group of people. My quarrel is with radical students of the SDS persuasion; all others I can reason with. I believe in students, as must surely be obvious from the fact that I am continuing in my present academic post. The temptation these days to withdraw from the academy into private life is simply overwhelming; if I am not mistaken, Eric Bentley is yielding to this temptation himself (let us hope temporarily). But I still believe that the dialogue we are conducting can best be held *inside* the university – so long as that institution is permitted to function and survive.

Robert Brustein

(The dialogue continues on page 24.)

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Middle Class Exodus

The Lawless and Corrupt Philippines

by Alex Campbell

Manila

From the twentieth floor of a new hotel, the view is of broad boulevards, green parks, sparkling fountains. At street level, the prospect is one of broken sidewalks, hovels, garbage. The traffic, wild and raucous, only mirrors the lawlessness that has become the keynote of what may be Asia's most turbulent capital. It is not surprising that there is considerable crime in Manila and throughout the Philippines. Many homes are mere sheds open to the noisome street and would scarcely be used for sties in more fortunate parts of the world. Yet the few wealthy Filipinos indulge in extravaganzas, like flying a complete orchestra from Europe, to entertain guests at a party.

For the first time in the 10 years since I began visiting the Philippines, I found my friends among the middle-class intellectuals and professional people thoroughly discouraged and planning their exodus. Each year now, thousands of Filipinos apply for visas to go to the United States. The most pathetic sight in Manila is the long daily queue at the American embassy. The consular staff has been overwhelmed. This spring Manila newspapers eagerly seized on an incident involving two American women in the consul's office who were accused of displaying "anti-Filipino feeling." The newspapers whipped up a campaign to have the two women deported, and compelled the government of the Philippines to demand explanations and an investigation of his staff by Ambassador Mennen Williams. The ambassador, who was busy packing his own bags in preparation for departure after only about a year at the post, managed to cool the incident. At one and the same time, the Filipinos cherish their independence, but model themselves on the United States. Manila's English-language newspapers are filled with such headlines as "Solons Slate Veep Probe." In Manila, Hearst still lives. So does a touchy Filipino nationalism that is understandably oversensitive. At the heart of it burns a flame that is fed by an almost Spanish pride, resentful of the copycatting of American mores and of a painful dependence on the US. This dependence is increased by a lack of jobs for skilled Filipinos, which causes a brain drain toward the US, and by an overproduction of unskilled Filipinos, which makes the $100 million that some emigres annually remit doubly welcome to their families back home. That sum is said to be earned by the 16,000 Filipinos who work on US military bases in South Vietnam, on Guam and on Wake Island. In addition, the US naval and air bases in the Philippines employ many thousands of Filipinos. Without the bases the country's unemployment problem would be even graver.

It is not too much to say that these ambiguities have lately turned the Philippines into what can only be called, even at the risk of hurt feelings and misunderstanding, a smiling cesspool of hate as far as Americans are concerned. "They want to be loved by Americans," an observer in Manila explains; "that is why they smile. But they strongly suspect they aren't loved; that's why they hate." The Manila newspapers, which are politically powerful and are controlled by rich men, hardly ever let up on any opportunity to lambaste the US. Many Filipino politicians, most of whom are also rich, attempt to build or consolidate their political fortunes by likewise attacking America.

The man in the middle of those ambiguities, though he is assuredly neither their architect nor their benefactor, is President Ferdinand Marcos, a World War II hero who this year will seek what would be an unprecedented second term. The president is judged by his own people according to the number of benefits and concessions he succeeds in wheedling from Washington, and by the extent to which he dares defy what may appear from time to time to be Washington's wishes. On the first count, President Marcos got some favors from President Johnson by posing as LBJ's "right hand in Asia," signing the Manila communique about Vietnam, and uncovering an alleged plot that involved an unnamed Chinese general who was supposed to have secretly landed in the Philippines to mastermind Johnson's and Marcos's assassinations. On the second count, President Marcos has sternly warned the United States that if it reduces its forces in Asia (meaning, if Washington cuts its military spending), he will feel compelled in prudence to seek a *modus vivendi* with Communist China. The warning can scarcely have frightened Washington and in any event was mainly intended for domestic consumption. The favors have been few in a period when the US seems intent on cutting aid, and perhaps for that reason they did President Marcos little good at home. For instance, the brave bid by his pretty First Lady, Imelda Marcos, to be a Ladybird, by building in Manila a culture center to which President Johnson

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is said to have contributed $30,000, met with a harsh response. The critics said that instead of building culture centers, she and her husband ought to be waging a war on poverty; and Imelda, as Ladybird did on a similar occasion, is reported to have burst into tears.

Like almost all his predecessors, President Marcos, as his first and perhaps last term draws to a close, is being savagely accused of all sorts of crimes. He is charged with having secretly transferred millions of pesos, obtained no one cares to specify how, to safe deposits in the United States. One of his opponents in the coming campaign, Senator Jovito Salanga, has declared that the president had a "material interest" in a stock-swap deal which involved the government of the Bahamas and a Filipino mining company called Benquet Consolidated Incorporated, and which is supposed to net Marcos a fortune. The weeping Imelda has been accused of buying a lot of jewelry in New York, though the accusers leave unclear why that is a criminal act. And, at the end of March, President Marcos suffered a stomach upset, which led to the revelation that several attempts have been made to poison him and that he now employs a food taster.

During his four-year term, so far, Marcos has succeeded in carrying out at least some of the promises he made when elected. The Philippines formerly did not grow nearly enough food for its 30-million population, though it has under cultivation almost exactly the amount of land that Japan has, with 100 million people. Under Marcos, rice production has been increased, so that instead of importing food the Philippines may be in a position to export some. Marcos has also had more roads built, and perhaps more schools, than any of his predecessors. He promised to raise the rate of economic growth from three to five percent, and it has actually gone over six percent, while the rate at which the population of the Philippines is increasing may have fallen from almost four to nearer three percent. But Marcos is expected, even if he wins the presidential election in November, to fail to carry the urban areas, including Manila. He has outraged urban if not rural proletarians by angrily declaring that if crime and other lawlessness continue to grow, there will have to be martial law.

Marcos has not exactly failed. But what he has succeeded in doing falls far short of what has to be done. The government is not collecting from the rich the taxes they owe it under the law; the poor meanwhile are ground down by the weight of regressive import and sales taxes. The insufficient revenues the government does manage to collect are often either misspent, or stolen. Corruption is rife among officials at all levels, which is why the air is constantly filled with noisy allegations and counter-allegations. The net result is an accelerating cynicism that is the deadliest eroder of a democratic system. People still vote, but they evade paying taxes if they can. When revenues falter, corruption increases, because the pie the officials have been nibbling has become smaller. One reason why some of his former political supporters would now like Marcos to lose is that they feel he had four years in which to amass a personal fortune from the public funds: he ought to quit and give someone else a chance.

The thickening atmosphere of corruption and self-seeking has so disgusted many honorable Filipinos that if Marcos wins it will be at least in part because there is lack of opposition to him through abstention. Senator Manglapus, for example, has quit normal party politics in disgust and now seeks, probably vainly, to form a new third party. Other hats are still in the ring. In addition to Senator Salonga hoping for the presidency, there are Senator Sergio Osmena Junior, who has a powerful political base in Cebu, the country's second largest city; ex-President Diosdado Macapagal, who was a white hope *before* his first term and who may try for a comeback; and Senator Genaro Magsaysay, who has little going for him save his late older brother's fame and who suffers the grievous handicap of being accused, no doubt unjustly, of enjoying financial backing by the CIA.

A man who might have successfully opposed Marcos this year, except that at 36 he is still too young to become president under the Philippines constitution, is Senator Benigno Aquino, who presumably will have to wait until 1973. All Filipinos have immense personal charm and Senator Aquino has more than most. He graduated from college at 17, became a war correspondent in Korea, then returned home to help President Magsaysay fight the "Huks" and actually talked the Huk leader, Luis Taruc, into surrendering on Magsaysay's reasonable terms. There has been no stopping Aquino since. His career reads like an American dream: mayor of his home town when he was 22, governor of a province at 28, elected a senator before he was 35. Aquino's most notorious "scenario" for the Philippines involves the free use of plastic bombs as a means of exploding the country out of its current vicious circle of economic sluggishness and political corruption. This recipe seems to owe more to the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of Mao Tse-tung than it does to Herman Kahn, and it need not be taken too seriously. What Senator Aquino is hinting does have to be taken quite seriously. He is saying in effect that if the rich and the politicians (often the same people) do not soon reform, a new Luis Taruc will appear, leading a new Huk movement, which this time may succeed. Ironically, Aquino is rich himself, thanks to sugar and real estate. His wife is richer still.

The Philippines is a colony still, but not an American one. It is colonized by 50 families, who flaunt their wealth more, and exploit their factory workers and

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farm hands more, than any foreigner or foreign company would dare do. Some of these rich Filipinos are trying very hard to squeeze American interests out. If they succeed, it seems probable that the lot of the many poor Filipinos will be harder than before. About $900 million of American private capital is invested in the Philippines. It is a sobering thought that this is almost the same amount as was invested by Americans in another Roman Catholic country that was once under American rule – Cuba. The Philippines may not go the same road, for a number of reasons. The Filipinos hold frequent elections and vastly enjoy them, though quite a few people get killed in shooting affrays during campaigns. Most Filipinos, rich and poor, plantation owner and sharecropper, are cousins in some degree, and blood generally proves to be stronger than class consciousness. There are also regional and clan ties: rich or politically powerful Pampangos see that poor Pampangos get jobs; Leytenos and Ilokanos stand by their own folk. On the other hand, the current despair among the few honest politicians, the intellectuals, and growing numbers of middle-class professional people, is genuine and is deepening. They see little future for themselves or their children in a lawless, corrupt society that neglects or misuses the country's large natural resources. More scientific farming as well as modern factory methods and bigger corporations may eat away the unique, feudal family ties that are about all that prevent the Philippines from blowing up politically, and that are at the same time hindering the country from developing faster.

Lenin postulated three preconditions for a successful revolution: a government that has lost faith in its capacity to solve problems; a people that has lost faith in the government's capacity; and the ripeness and readiness of a hard-core Communist leadership to seize the opportunity this presents. All that seems lacking now in the Philippines is the third condition, which may be why increasing numbers of Filipinos, especially amongst the educated middle class, are anxious to get out before the storm bursts.

This Additive Age

by David Sanford

Canterbury, England (AP)—A 23-year-old woman starved to death because she believed nearly all human food was produced by the suffering of animals, the Canterbury coroner's court was told.

Miss Brenda Holton, an office secretary, had a horror of meat and of other foods that she thought had been tainted by chemical sprays. She tried to live on a diet of honey, cereals and dandelion coffee, but her appetite faded and she wasted away.

Ralph Nader's stories about tainted pork, beef, poultry and fish have made more than one reader wonder exactly what Mr. Nader *does* eat and, by extension, what is in the food everyone consumes. The newspapers don't help to assuage fears when they report, as they recently did, that a Belgian scientist thinks man may soon be eating a by-product of gasoline (for protein).

There are a sufficient number of strange practices in the food industry and a sufficient number of casualties at the dinner table to fuel a morbid interest in food, although it is ironically true that food has never been better regulated by government agencies concerned with its purity, safety and esthetics, than it is today. Still there are many unknowns, many mishaps, many mysterious chemicals added to edibles.

Flour, eggs, sugar, and butter are "ingredients." Monosodium glutamate is an "additive." The distinction, or rather *one* distinction, is between prosaic edible substances – the main constituents of food – and the less familiar, ancillary ones. *Safety* is a second distinction between ingredients and additives. Ingredients are assumed safe, if only because they are familiar; additives frequently are not; at least in unlimited quantities. Many of the 2,000-odd chemical additives approved for use in the United States are toxic substances that must be kept at extremely low levels in food products, sometimes as low as four parts per million. The Food and Drug Administration publishes Food Additive Orders in the Federal Register, detailing in a precise way just how much of a substance is permissible in a food product. Orders are not granted when FDA considers an additive unsafe

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in any amount, and on rare occasion orders are withdrawn after it has been established that an additive already in use is unsafe. Safrole, a derivative of sassafras used as a flavoring agent in root beer, had its approval revoked when a committee appointed by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare concluded it might cause liver cancer.

Another distinction that is made between ingredients and additives is *function*. Additives are frequently cosmetic in use. They are employed to make beer foam, oranges orange, or bread mold-free. They keep up appearances, which is important, but they are in many cases not absolutely essential to the product. Additives are in increasing use for a variety of economic, esthetic, nutritive, and frivolous reasons, and considerable debate goes on within the agencies concerned with food over how they are to be controlled and when they are to be permitted. The Flavor and Extract Manufacturers Association, for instance, maintains its own, quite unofficial list of "flavors generally recognized as safe." FDA is skeptical of the association's judgment. F. J. McFarland, chief of FDA's Petitions Control Branch, says the Flavor Manufacturers "like to think that every damn flavor that's ever been used is generally recognized as safe. Our view is that any material is unsafe until it has specifically been proved harmless." The current concern over the safety of artificial sweeteners has caused FDA to plan removing the cyclamates from its official list of substances Generally Recognized as Safe (the so-called GRAS list) and put them on its list of additives, with specific restrictions on their use.

The Food Additive Amendment to the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act was passed in 1958 because, in the words of McFarland, "a number of chemicals used in foods had not been adequately tested for safety." (One of the reasons the FDA was created in 1906 was to protect the consumer from then common but harmful preservatives like boric acid, formaldehyde and salicylic acid.) Under the amendment an additive was defined as any substance in food (or which might get into food from packaging, processing or transportation) that is not known to be completely safe and which requires official clearance *before* it can be used. The definition excludes pesticides and coloring. These were for the most part covered by other legislation such as the Color Additives Amendment, the Pesticide Chemicals Amendment, and the so-called Delaney Clause which prohibits use of cancer-causing agents. Accordingly FDA put out the GRAS list; anything not in it must be cleared. FDA currently handles about 225 additive petitions each year and 10 years after the law was enacted is finally eliminating its backlog of unapproved petitions.

The brief history of the additive amendment has been a troubled one for many reasons. FDA has a hard time finding enough scientists to process petitions. And the ultimate disposition of additive applications rests with expert, but fallible, opinion. The true dangers of additives are difficult to ascertain with animal tests, and the variety of substances that must be looked at is immense. The package containing a food product, for instance, may contain chemicals ("indirect additives") that "migrate" to the food and, if toxic, may contaminate it and endanger the consumer. By the time the materials that go into making packaging emerge as paper, FDA's McFarland says, they are "pulped, beaten, deterged, slime-treated, colored, dried, finished, etc. into several hundred possible chemical combinations," any one of which could cause trouble. Chemicals added to animal feed are also considered additives under the law and add substantially to the problem of control.

The cyclamates have until now been listed as Generally Recognized as Safe, and except for the cryptic labelling requirement that they should be used only by those who must restrict their intake of ordinary sweets, no limits have been placed on their use. Because of possible chromosomal damage and birth defects, and diarrhea that results from excessive use of cyclamates, FDA has reversed itself and given notice that the sweeteners will now be viewed as additives, with restrictions on their use.

FDA has had other bad luck. In 1963 it approved the use of gamma radiation in the processing of canned bacon. Passing bacon through ionizing radiation sterilizes it and allows it to be stored for many months without refrigeration. Studies submitted to FDA and evaluated by the agency's scientists at first seemed to indicate that such bacon, and irradiated pork, were fit for human consumption. But in 1968, five years after the product had been cleared for commercial use, new animal studies cast doubt on FDA's approval. Laboratory animals fed irradiated bacon had higher mortality rates, retarded weight gain, reduced red blood cell counts, cataracts and tumors. The suggestion was that the same effects might be observed in humans and hence approval was withdrawn. Another preservative – a chemical known as NDGA – was put on the GRAS list in 1967 but was taken off in 1968 and reclassified an additive for which safety had yet to be established. Coumarin, a substance used in vanilla extract, had its approval withdrawn when manufacturers notified FDA that it had been found to have toxic properties. Cobalt salts used to make beer foam were banned in 1966 after it had been reported that heavy beer drinkers in Canada, where the substance was in wide use, had unusually high incidence of coronary disease.

A huge, little-known network of public and private organizations is concerned with food additives and related matters. It includes trade organizations such as the American Meat Institute and the National

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Canners Association, periodicals like *Food Chemical News* ("A weekly Washington publication for executives providing in-depth information regarding regulation of food additives, colors, pesticides, and allied products," at $175 a year), international bodies (the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN and the World Health Organization have made recommendations on the safe use of cyclamates), the National Academy of Sciences (which studied cyclamates for FDA) and the Codex Alimentarius Commission, an interesting international body which meets now and then to determine how many peanuts there should be in peanut butter and other important matters.

George R. Grange, Deputy Administrator of the US Department of Agriculture, Consumer Marketing Service, is the US delegate to the Codex Alimentarius Commission. He says that on the international plane a great deal of the food regulation, particularly regarding additives, is arbitrary and hard to justify. The United States, for instance, permits use of additives in bread, chemicals functioning as stabilizers, emulsifiers, and antioxidants that among other things keep bread fresh and mold-free. "We wouldn't like it at all to go back to non-additive bread," says Grange. "France and Italy, however, don't allow additives in bread. But France colors the hell out of green peas, while the US, which colors many products, specifically prohibits coloring peas."

Codex Alimentarius is a mini-UN that brings together 52 nations who are members of the Food and Agriculture Committee of the UN and the World Health Organization. Since 1962 the members have been meeting periodically in places like Rome to iron out among themselves standards for food which, while not binding on any nation, are aimed at ensuring that products sold in international commerce have the same essential properties and can be relied on as safe. When a country agrees to a Codex Alimentarius standard, the country abides by it in domestic as well as international trade. The commission is broken down into a number of committees. There is one on additives that recommends international tolerances for additives in specific foods. Another works on labeling, a third on pesticide residues. There are Codex committees on honey, chocolate, fats.

Delegates from the Codex nations met most recently on February 20 to consider a number of pressing issues, among which was the definition of "food hygiene" which, it was agreed, must be defined to be practiced. The General Principles Committee, at its second session, endorsed an English text definition of hygiene as "conditions and measures necessary for the production, processing and distribution of food designed to ensure a safe, sound, wholesome final product fit for human consumption." After heated debate the word "final" was omitted because it was pointed out that cleanliness was a virtue not only at the end of the production process but all along the way. Spain objected; its delegate thought the hygienic condition of a finished product was what mattered, not how dirty it might be at some interim point. It was also decided that in the Spanish version, the word "sound" would be translated "en buen estado." The French, preferred "en bon état."

Later the commission was told by the Swiss delegate that his country would like to chair and pay for the work of the Codex Committee on Soups and Broths. The suggestion was tabled, however, for a number of reasons including the absence of any exact understanding of what is meant by "soup" and "broth." Then the representative of the International Olive Oil Council reported on new designations of olive oils worked out by the Conference on Olive Oils of the UN; the Chocolate Committee, chaired by Switzerland, asked the Commission to think about whether ingredients imitating milk and chocolate should be allowed in milk chocolate (that was referred to the Commodity Committee); the Fruit Commission discussed a new standard for dried prunes worked out by the Working Party on the Standardization of Perishable Foodstuffs.

The things that are done to the food we eat have long been under attack by food faddists and others who suspect every polysyllabic chemical causes cancer or some other horror and who are acutely anxious about what they don't know about what is in what they eat. Sodium silicoaluminate sounds like aluminium or glass, not the sort of thing one voluntarily puts in his breakfast coffee. But if he uses Coffeemate he does. And he needn't worry. Because the procedures worked out by FDA and Codex Alimentarius ensure the safety of additives and keep them at minimal levels, the dangers in most cases are negligible. Additives frighten people primarily because they are "chemicals" with unfamiliar names. Carnation, the maker of Instant Breakfast, a nutritious powdered drink, once played with the anxiety consumers often feel when they read product labels. Carnation's Los Angeles ad agency, Erwin Wasey, prepared a radio advertisement which listed the contents of Instant Breakfast. The spot sneered at the thought of greasy bacon, cold eggs and burnt toast while playing up the unparalleled delights of ammonium carrageenan, sodium ascorbate, ferric orthophosphate, niacinamide, and thiamine mononitrate. The ad ran for a while on top-40 rock stations and teenagers, who have grown up with chemicals and can take the truth, thought it very funny. Erwin Wasey considered it one of its best jobs ever. But Carnation executives heard it, were aghast, and had it yanked off the air. As it happens the ad didn't hurt sales. In the age of additives, some actually prefer them to ingredients. Those who don't should remember the sad end of Miss Brenda Holton.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Loves of Isadora

Universal

Karel Reisz's film about Isadora Duncan, originally called *Isadora*, opened in Los Angeles in December, to qualify for Academy Award nomination, with a running time of about three hours and with an intermission. After some adverse notice, it was cut to 150 minutes without intermission. It is now released in a 130-minute version with its title amplified to the above. I have seen only this last version. I'm told by a critic who has seen all three versions that the structure has been drastically changed. Whether this was done with Reisz's help, consent, abstention, or disapproval, I cannot say; but I emphasize that my comments pertain only to the third version. Whether those earlier versions were better or worse in total effect, they may have covered some omissions that I note.

The producers of a film usually have control of the film, and often they change it against its director's wishes. When a critic says that "Director Jones has done thus and such," he knows he may be speaking figuratively, that Jones may not be responsible for all defects or all virtues, that the phrase "Director Jones" is a convenience meaning "Jones and those who changed his work." A director protests publicly against alteration at his peril; protest doesn't brighten his chances of future employment.

So here is *The Loves of Isadora*, the work of Karel Reisz *and* the producers Robert and Raymond Hakim *and* some unidentified Universal executives. What hath this conglomerate wrought? On the basis of what is left, the first thing to note is the structural resemblance to *Lola Montes*. This is the story of a celebrated theatrical woman's life with heavy emphasis on her love affairs, told in flashback with frequent returns to the "present," where it ends. Second, the dialogue by Melvyn Bragg, Clive Exton and Margaret Drabble is of torturous banality. Third, Isadora is largely absent.

No one could gather from this film that Isadora was an important artist ("She was the greatest American gift to the art of dance," said Michel Fokine), a symbol of general cultural forces in explosion and a lasting influence on the dance. The film, as presented, focuses on her men and her egocentricities, with just enough Greek tunics and esthetic asseveration to make her a sort of arty nut, thus justifying to herself and us her bohemian behavior. The result is one more picture about a temperamental star who has lots of lovers – artists and millionaires – and ends up broke. As a dancer, as an artist, this Isadora is about as interesting as Garbo's ballerina in *Grand Hotel*.

What did ancient Greece mean in the life of this Isadora? Well, I think I remember a few fast flashes of some temples in an early montage and a glimpse of the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. So much for the entire esthetic base of her life. What is shown of her relation to the dance of her time? Nothing. She never sees another dance or meets another dancer. So much – to name just one significant example – for her influence on Fokine. What of her friendship with Duse, her integration with the stirrings of modern consciousness in all the arts? Nothing. Anyone who wants to find out what Isadora was like – both as amorist and artist – would do much better to read the six pages about her in Dos Passos' *The Big Money*.

And anyone who has been trying to cling to some shreds of regard for Reisz had better skip this picture. (I'm speaking only of elements that must be his work.) He made his feature debut in 1960 with *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, which was crisp and forceful. Then followed a re-make of *Night Must Fall*, so complete a disaster that I couldn't even hold it against him; it seemed more an aberration than a failure. *Morgan!* was just enough of a disaster so that Reisz had to take responsibility for its diffuseness. In what is left of *Isadora*, the scenes as shot – and surely no one else did the shooting – match the banality of the dialogue. All Reisz's concepts are hardticket, movie-spectacle clichés. Take, for instance, Isadora's first stage appearance, in a San Francisco saloon: sure enough, we get the stale argument with the manager and the intercut shots of gaping ruffians with beer mugs. (Those ruffians are possibly the busiest actors in films. Seemingly the same rough faces are overcome by talent and beauty in Arizona and Australia and South Africa. Julie Andrews conquered them last in London's East End in *Star!*)

The clichés thunder on. When the lights fail during a dance recital for soldiers of the new Soviet Union, the good-hearted fellows break into song as Isadora holds a lamp aloft for them. All that differentiates the scene from Jeanette MacDonald solacing the troops is the absence of a soprano obbligato. The *idea* of the scene, from the directorial view, is sheer Romberg. When Isadora dances in Boston, the outrage of the audience is intercut with the fulminations of a street-evangelist outside in a style that might have been thought offensively mechanical at RKO in 1935. This sequence is a unit; I doubt that it has been much changed by other hands; and it comes from Reisz, author of the best text on the subject, *The Technique of Film Editing*. There is scarcely a trace anywhere in the film of the intelligence or imagination that might once have been expected of him. Oh, yes, there's a lot of mist in some of the lawn scenes. Possibly it was left over from those *Tom Jones* lawns and just drifted in.

James Fox is brisk and personable as James Fox in a moustache. He's called Gordon Craig, but there's no need to fuss about that. (The script doesn't even get its amorous facts straight; Craig was not Isadora's first lover.) Jason Robards, who is Isadora's millionaire, is miscast yet again in a genteel part and is yet again dull in it. Anywhere but a saloon he is uninteresting. As with Isadora, the emphasis with Sergei Essenin, played by Ivan Tchenko, is on outrageous behavior, with little conviction of the truly great artist at the center, in whom the outrage was peripheral. John Fraser has nice peevish devotion as Isadora's latter-day aide; and there is a funny scene in which Ina De La Haye plays a shocked Russian teacher.

This brings us to Vanessa Redgrave,

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Peter Gay: Last of a Dying Species

Experiences by Arnold Toynbee

Oxford University Press; $8.75

The blurb to this, his latest book, majestically records Toynbee's age as "four score years." But we must do more than note his age as a fact; we must understand what it means, for it explains everything – well, nearly everything – about him. Toynbee grew up in an environment in which a cultural elite still took the classics for granted; when students wrote Greek poetry and spent their holidays walking among the ruins of Greek glory. It was an environment in which young men could still love their mothers and publicly say so, without worrying whether this attachment was somehow crippling for them. It was an environment, finally, that was full of unlimited hope; the pessimism of certain philosophers and the extravagances of certain artists could be taken, and were by and large taken, not as justified warnings but as self-indulgent eccentricities. World War I, whose disastrous impact on our life remains with us and will, it seems, remains with us as long as we live, was still in the future. The trauma of 1914, which we locate in the past as a historical event was, for Toynbee, a vivid horrifying experience: he was, after all, in his twenties when it darkened the world. None of this, to be sure, makes Toynbee's excursions into psychology, philosophical history, and current affairs any better than they are, but it explains them. Toynbee himself is a historical figure. No, more than that: he has acquired considerable notoriety for referring to Jewish civilization as a fossil – it seems fair enough to turn his epithet on himself: Toynbee is a fossil.

But, I hasten to add, an instructive and rather appealing fossil: not all of Toynbee's holy simplicity is foolishness. While he holds many opinions we have happily outgrown, he represents a type we can ill afford to lose. For one thing, Toynbee is among the last of a dying species: a true classicist. "At Winchester in the first decade of the twentieth century," he records, "we were still being given the complete humanist education of the fifteenth-century Italian Renaissance." The book shows what this education meant: an uneven and often uninteresting potpourri of autobiographical notes, deep thoughts on man and history, and samples of poetry. *Experiences* recalls how much Toynbee owes to Greece both ancient and modern (he is an enthusiastic admirer of Constantios Doxiadis, a visionary planner for the world-city of the future for whom professional city planners have rather limited regard), and prints some of his Latin and much of his Greek verse. And classical education meant something more to Toynbee as well: his religious musings, of which *Experiences* contains a good deal, show him to be a superficial but thoroughly learned eclectic who has studied the religious and philosophical texts of antiquity in Greek and Latin and made up his mind to a vaguely Christian, vaguely pagan faith of his own. "My aim," he confesses, "is to have the maximum of religion with the minimum of dogma." If the results are unimpressive, the process of reaching those results is really nothing less than magnificent – which may only prove, after all, that a lot of learning is a dangerous thing too. No matter: it is an impressive and fading spectacle. If Toynbee cannot make sense out of his knowledge, he does not make a virtue of ignorance.

The experience of World War I runs through *Experiences* like an obsessive dream, but it would be a mistake to treat it as a mere obsession, private to Toynbee. More insistently and more lucidly than many other participants, Toynbee testifies just how terrible that war was. Historians of the twentieth-century world, even if they disregard Toynbee's analysis, would do well to listen to his testimony. It is, by its very repetitiousness, moving and revealing. Toynbee, who was kept out of military service for physical unfitness, remains upset that he should still be alive, when so many of his classmates and friends, so many brilliant young men, future poets and historians and statesmen, died on some foreign battlefield. We have come to recognize the symptoms from the survivors of the Nazi extermination camps and Hiroshima; far less strongly, far less distinctly than they, yet still noticeably, Toynbee suffers the guilt of the survivor. "I am now seventy-five," he writes in a short essay of 1964, reprinted here. "Half my contemporaries at school and at the university were killed before they had turned twenty-seven. Ever since 1915 I have been surprised at being still alive, and rueful that my friends whose lives were then cut short have been deprived of the opportunities that I have had." Surprised and rueful – members of other cultures more given to self-expression have clothed the same feelings in more hectic language.

Toynbee on World War I, and some amusing reminiscences about Balliol and Chatham House – these are the most rewarding parts of this compilation. For the rest – and I do not presume to judge the Greek poetry – irreverent youngsters like myself must be excused from enthusiasm or even approval. Toynbee's attacks on Israel are familiar and hardly need yet another refutation; his disapproval of American policy in Vietnam is welcome but hardly novel. And over and over again, Toynbee falls into unconscious humor, especially when he touches on the problematic realm of psychology. His reports are doubtless truthful ("What has made me work? When I was a child at school, the

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spur that I was first conscious of was anxiety") but they remain mired in a world of conscious motives, a pre-Freudian – which is to say, for historians, a pre-Copernican – world:

"Why has my curiosity focused itself on history? The answer to this question is one that I know for certain. I am an historian because my mother was one. I cannot remember a time when I had not already taken it for granted that I was going to follow my mother's bent. When I had turned four, my father said that they could no longer afford a nurse for me. My mother asked if she might keep the nurse for a year longer, supposing that she earned the nurse's twelve months' wage by writing a book; and my father agreed. I can remember vividly the excitement of seeing the proofs of *Tales from Scottish History* arrive. The fee was twenty pounds, and that was a nurse's wage for a year in England in 1893-4. When the year was up and the money was spent, the nurse went and my mother took over the job of putting me to bed. She kept me happy and good at bedtime by telling me the history of England, in instalments, from the beginning to 1895."

Let Philip Roth write a novel about *that*.

Wilson Carey McWilliams: Heretic on the Left

The Unperfect Society by Milovan Djilas

(Harcourt, Brace and World; $5.00)

Like Thomas More, Milovan Djilas resists analysis, the hard core of self being always resolutely, obstinately idiosyncratic, proof against the fashions of the time. Such men are exasperating because their decisions and conduct elude the understanding of more truly contemporary men; idiosyncracy seems eccentricity at best, perversity at worst. More made an issue out of a divorce; Djilas made one of many issues out of the decision to have the Yugoslav Central Committee meet on Tito's island rather than Belgrade. The comment of Kardelj, his sometime friend and later prosecutor, that this was of no importance, would seem accurate enough to most of us; it would be easy to see Djilas as a petty man, making an issue of a petty thing. (Just as it is tempting to agree with one critic who said that Djilas is "simply a Montenegrin," which – by identifying him as a character out of light opera – seems to make bizarre conduct the rule.)

But petty events aggregate into great ones. Men rarely have the grandeur of spirit which allows self-betrayal by a choice of great evil. Self-destruction is rather the result of a series of petty choices, and the mark of wisdom is in distinguishing the hair-line which separates compromise from treason to self. To a very great extent, Djilas has that wisdom, which is what gives him something like heroic stature. (And which has enabled him – as he affirms with a touch of pride – to be among the most influential critics of Communism without becoming an "anti-communist," as we understand the term.)

Djilas' personality is the chief reason for reading *The Unperfect Society*. Intellectually, the book is unimpressive. Its thesis is that societies are necessarily imperfect, but that men need ideals to realize that degree of perfec-

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tion which is possible. However, ideals – especially perfectionistic ones – are also dangerous because they become rigid and serve as tools for the protection of established interests. Marx formulated a prophetic vision and a critical social science that was able to expose early capitalist industrialism; but it was wrong in very crucial respects, even in its first metaphysical premises, and has become outdated. Worse, of course, it has become a weapon in the hands of various party bureaucracies, a constraint and a restriction on critical thought and vision.

That Djilas is willing to concede that Stalin's interpretation of Marxism was correct will stir anger; his attack on the once-again fashionable Leninist theory of imperialism is well-taken; his suggestion that those who would rescue Marx by an appeal to the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts* have missed much that is of central value to Marxism is timely and welcome. (Marx, as Djilas points out, was neither particularly profound nor original as a moralist. His great achievements lie elsewhere.) Yet on the whole, Djilas' argument reflects the intellectual isolation of an East European who has spent much of his life dealing with the immediate crises of war and revolution and establishing a new state.

The argument itself is almost wholly familiar. Djilas' credo could have been taken from E. H. Carr's *Twenty Years Crisis;* his analysis of ideology adds little to Karl Mannheim's *Ideology and Utopia* – beyond greater contemporaneity and readability; and the distinction between Marx's prophetic and scientific roles has become a truism. The core of Djilas' argument is the contention that Einstein, Heisenberg and the "new physics" have shattered Marxian ideas of matter, predictability and knowledge. This too would be more impressive if we had not heard it for thirty years and more from ex-Marxists become relativistic pragmatists or mystics, intent on demonstrating "free will." (And if we had not learned that most such assertions are, at best, misleading.) Novelty is not a test of truth, however. Marx and Engels *did* have a view of matter and of nature that derived from classical physics, and which now seems inaccurate; Lenin's epistemology *was* naive even when he wrote it, and few men nowadays would defend his view that the senses faithfully "copy and reflect" an objective "reality."

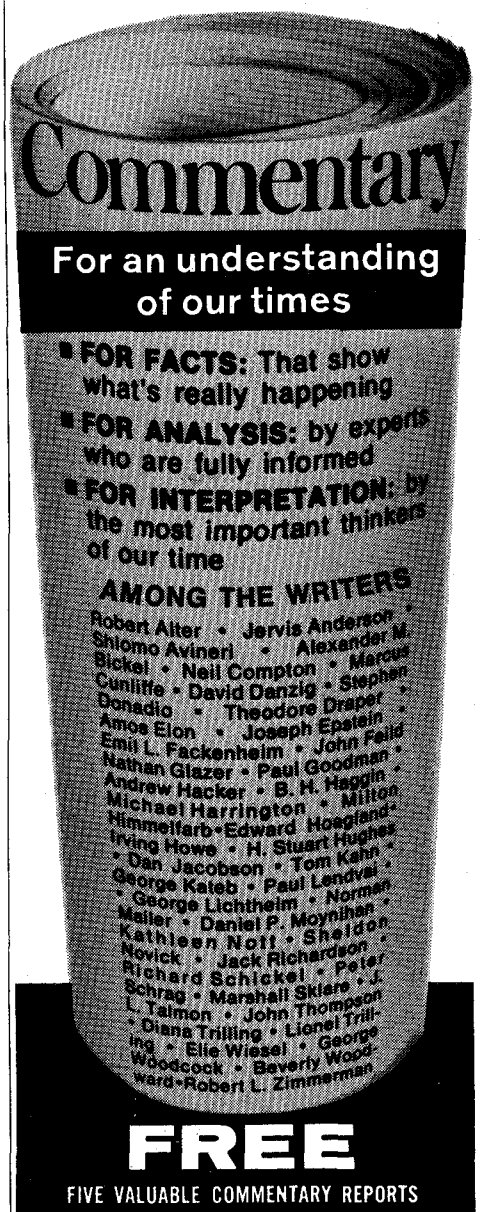
Djilas doesn't say that Marxism cannot be interpreted to take account of new evidence; rather that the need to prove Marx right and the need to "save" Marxism alike are inclined to be stultifying, as is the effort to fit new phenomena into old categories.

Concede that much and a quarrel remains. Pardonably, Djilas has not considered the liberative effects of ideology or, even, of dogma. It was useful in the 19th century that some men clung to *Genesis* 1 against the "scientific" proof that the dark races were inferior; it has been equally useful that Marxists continued to talk about class conflict and decay in America against the prevailing optimisms. Relativism leads, logically at least, to the least defensible of dogma: acquiescence in established opinion. In natural as well as in social science, this is dangerous in the extreme. In fact, it is arguable that if Marxists had been *more* dogmatic and *less* relativistic – less willing to adapt to the "necessities of history" – some of the worst of Stalin's excesses might have been avoided. Without the dogma, which allowed him to write *The New Class,* would Djilas ever have become free enough to write *The Unperfect Society?*

The substance of what Marcuse calls "repressive tolerance" is that men are in a paradoxical situation. It is necessary to learn that human knowledge is imperfect and society equally or more defective – the ancient lesson that is the virtue of humility. But, as Benjamin Franklin discovered when he set out to practice humility, the virtue can easily become the vice of pride. The lesson of imperfection is the one lesson that cannot be taught, for those who are taught believe themselves to have a knowledge that knowledge is imperfect – to know that one cannot know. That sort of "truth" is intellectually and socially complacent and, correspondingly, repressive. As Djilas knows, men can find the limits only by striving for what is beyond them – and even then, failure proves only that they have not been wise or good enough to do better. The problem

Notes on Contributors

PETER GAY *is a Professor of History at Columbia University. His most recent book is* Weimar Culture: The Outsider as Insider. WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS *teaches government at Brooklyn College.*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is simply that men, most men, will not try what they believe is doomed to failure; ideals guide men only when they are not thought to be the antithesis of reality. Djilas' best criticism of Marxism is just that: that those who hold its "ideals" do not believe them to be "real" any more, that the numberless revisions of Marxism reflect not a "living doctrine" but a dying faith.

This is why the real lesson of *The Unperfect Society* is Djilas himself. For most, a separation of the world and the ideal leads to the conclusion that the ideal must adapt itself to "reality" – the weary echo of disillusioned romance. Djilas separates the two in order to preserve the ideal, to keep it free from the corruption of the promise of or the desire for success. (He admires religion because to some degree it is more able to do this than secular faiths.) Willing to concede that the paths to the ideal must change with the times, he will not yield a jot of the perennial dream of human brotherhood and equality. It is a picture of the man himself, changing methods and formulations but steadfast at every point. It is unfair to ask consistency from such a man. His best defense is himself.

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Brustein Dialogue

Sirs:

Mr. Brustein's analysis of the supposed undermining of professionalism in our schools ("The Case for Professionalism," April 26) suffers, on the one hand, from an insistence upon an inherited, but unsatisfactory, educational system for the elite and, on the other, from a misunderstanding of the objectives of student dissent.

Mr. Brustein makes the increasingly less meaningful assumption that scholarship, or professionalism as he would have it, is a virtue in itself with the corollary assumption that the life of the mind is the highest form of life. Hence he appeals for that "disinteredness" which even today characterizes the "ivory tower" atmosphere of some of our colleges and universities. These ideas run counter to the current student generation's demands for academic relevance. Whereas Mr. Brustein seems to argue that a reverence for the past is essential for an understanding of the present and the future, students point readily to the obvious failure of this venerable wisdom to create a viable society for the majority of the world. They seek, therefore, new ideas and greater involvement with the problems *they* hope to solve. The professor, in responding with more seminars and fieldwork courses, is often cast into an altered role, wherein he can no longer always rely on his training and experience to provide solutions to the problems that are raised. It follows, then, that he may not maintain his traditional authoritarian role.

But the issue is not authority in the classroom, nor is the student activist attempting to withdraw into the "parochial corner of his own immediate needs." Rather he seeks to strongly identify with the outer world and to discover ways to change it, even in the face of the dubious charge of amateurism. Mr. Brustein wrongly believes that a community of professional scholars can secure a better world. He neglects, for example, the failure of eminent scientists in key roles as advisors to exert influence on important issues like the ABM. Indeed, in their enthusiastic attempts to serve as professional resources for the government, the universities have only succeeded in corrupting their own institutions' highest ideals. The universities have become the political ally of the government, and campus dissent focuses, in part, on severing this relationship.

As a final point, one wonders what Mr. Brustein has in mind when he conjures up the specter of a new generation incapable of dealing with "society's real evils." If these "real evils" be other than those which today's students demand their teachers turn their energies towards: war, poverty, racism, the city, repression, then liberal education will soon become totally irrelevant.

Gus A. Sayer
Department of Physics
Haverford College

Sirs:

. . . Viewing the problem in the context of a larger one: it is not only the university which is under siege, but our constitution, including the document of that name. They are being attacked because they have been found wanting. Just as customary electoral, legislative, and administrative procedures appear inadequate to deal with problems today, traditional scholarly steps to improve universities require too much patience for the growing number of those who have been clamoring for such steps and procedures for many years. As a result, "innocent" people are and will be suffering. This means Mr. Brustein and many other students and teachers. I can see no way to avoid this. Unless we want to drop out or try to form small, true centers of learning, we had better join the efforts to create the new colleges. We the People have created a society in which university degrees are either regarded as unalienable rights or required for the simplest kinds of job, even though individually we may have worked and voted against the trend; the facts are sad but irreversible.

Klaus G. Loewald
Dept. of Government
Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:

Plato's attitude toward art and Brustein's attitude toward the university both rest on the same kind of assumption: there is some body of truth which *tells* us what is of *value*, and that this body of truth is objectively determined by the professional as part of his train-

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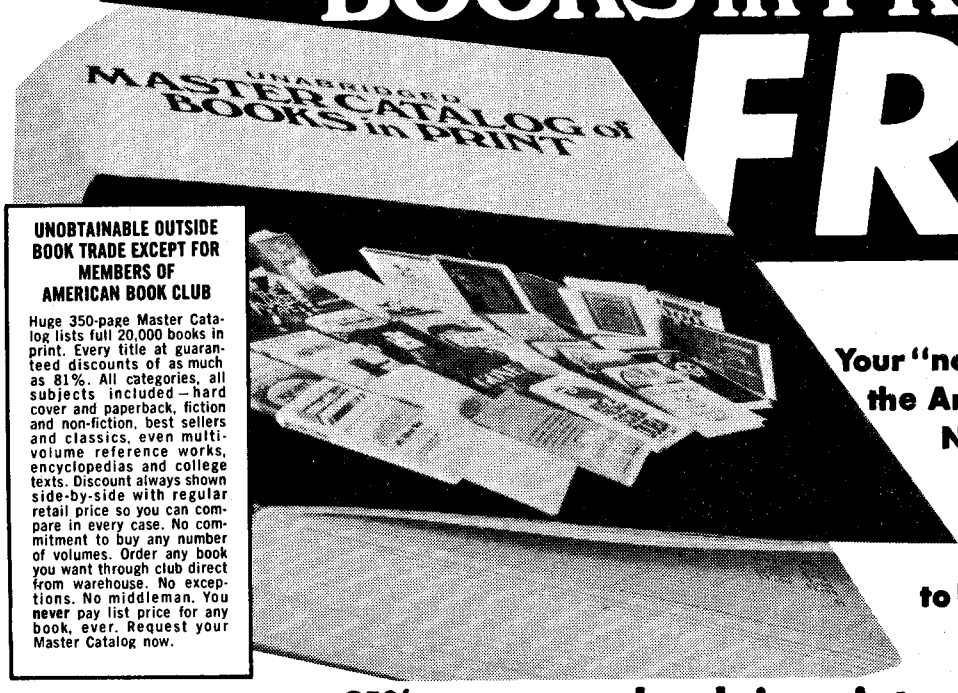

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ing; in other words, that "training, experience, skill and achievement" yield not only knowledge as to how certain ends may be achieved, but also the knowledge that such ends are valuable.

In Plato's case, this assumption serves to justify a ruling class of professionals' professionals (the philosopher-kings) with authority to determine what should and should not be done throughout the state, and to suppress activities, such as the drama which runs counter to their conception as to the state's best purposes. In Brustein's case, the assumption serves to justify a group of professional educators who, by virtue of a certain body of knowledge ("the fruits of his research," "an inherited body of knowledge") have absolute authority to determine the ends and nature of the educational process.

Brustein would hardly accept the Platonic relationship between state and dramatist. Why, then, should he necessarily endorse the analogous relationship between professor and student? Here is the basic fallacy of his argument: he uncritically assumes that whatever the professor knows and teaches, is therefore more valuable than anything else which might be taught in its place.

Thus, what should be a question of the value of certain kinds of activity becomes a question of personal power relationships – as when Brustein complains that the conventional relationship "loses favor because it puts the student in an unacceptably subordinate position, with the result that the learning process gives way to a general free-for-all. . . ."

In point of fact, that which is taught to undergraduates – and the procedures by which they are taught – are too often of very little value, when measured by any humane standard as to what education should provide the student.

Consider, for example, the philosophy curriculum at Harvard, where student discontent with teaching contributed to the recent convulsions. Among courses open to undergraduates, the catalogue lists four semester-courses in Ethics and Social Philosophy – which, taken as a group, must be partly devoted to the interests of graduate students as potential scholars – and a "Problems" course. On the other hand, it has eight semester-courses in logic, language and philosophy of science

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(e.g., "Logic and Philosophy," "Theory of Symbols," and "Philosophy of Language"), along with three linguistics courses counted as philosophy. And six courses are of the systematic-historical variety, from Plato to the later philosophy of Wittgenstein.

This selection of courses represents an inordinately top-heavy weighting in favor of the professional interests of present and future academics, at the expense of the concerns of the undergraduates as citizens and human beings. Further, the way in which these courses are taught usually forces the student into an attitude of passive receptivity. (Not all courses at Harvard are like that. There are good tutorials, seminars, and others of a similar kind – just enough to give the student a taste of what his entire education should be.)

A wholesale reexamination is required in higher education. . . . Certainly it would be unreasonable to deny the efficacy of medical expertise; but the unquestioned value of that expertise rests on the unquestioned value of the end to which it is put, i.e., health. I think a reexamination would reveal that two purposes are far from being given proper consideration in colleges at present. One is the acquainting of the student with the problems and issues he faces in making the decisions arising out of his relations within society. The other is the development of the individual's ability, and his confidence, in making such decisions.

A member of an education reform group called Harvard New College recently suggested to me that students should be allowed to choose their own philosophy reading lists. I responded with what seemed the perfect rebuttal – I pointed out that many students would probably choose the philosophically frivolous, as well as ultra-conservative, Ayn Rand. But then I asked what *would* be wrong if students read Ayn Rand? Couldn't an instructor introduce all the important ethical and social issues through such authors? Wouldn't the student work his way to an understanding of these issues, and to the positions of the more traditional authors? And in the process, wouldn't these issues and these positions become more live and vital, and more closely connected to the students' own concerns, than in the case of an enforced reading list? In short, I suggest that a sharing of power between professors and students would accomplish the aims which education is supposed to accomplish, and would do so much more effectively than the system of autocratic professional authority.

Gordon Brumm
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Mr. Brustein's generalizations do not describe the students I know – "hostility towards the lecture course," "unacceptably subordinate position," "loss of interest in the past," "wish to remain amateurs."

During the recent strike at San Francisco State College, students asked for lectures and instruction outside the official college framework. Both during the strike and now, students are challenging the power structure precisely because they are critical of the lack of professionalism on our campus – true professionalism, however, which does not view the relationship between teacher and student as "strictly tutorial," but as tutorially and *humanly* concerned.

Far from a "familiar litany," praise for the current student generation is rarely heard in California, where education is viewed as so many bodies in a room, propped up by bayonets, if necessary. In this climate, involvement in education requires courage and commitment – more evident among students than faculty, but fortunately present wherever there is true concern for professionalism.

Ruby Cohn
San Francisco State College

Sirs:

Congratulations on running Robert Brustein's excellent article. It is time for liberals everywhere, and faculty members interested in free inquiry in particular, to wake up to the fact that anarchy is as much a threat to all they hold dear as is tyranny.

Jo Ann M. Steiger
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

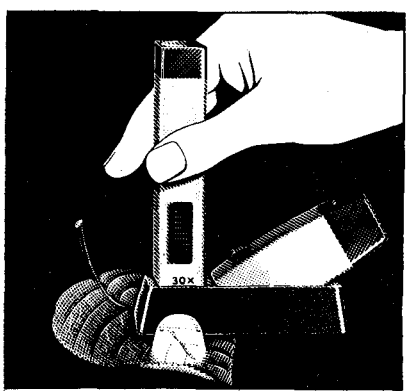
In a "community of scholars" even journeyman scholars have some degree of general competence and should therefore have some role in determining the goals of the community and the nature of its relations with the society of which it is a part.

I do not believe that a respect for professional knowledge and academic competence need exclude the notion of genuine (not advisory) student power. I would further suggest that in some areas, such as judging how successful the transmission of knowledge has been, the student is perhaps the most competent judge within the academy.

Larry Colan
Columbia University

Sirs:

This is a peculiar moment in American history, with vitriolic exchanges between the left and the liberals occupying center stage. The left is providing the public with an image of the liberal as authoritarian administrator, and the liberals are returning the compliment by waving the black flag of anarchy whenever panic sets in. Neither's portrait of the other side is any more accurate than it is flattering; but we are arming the right in this country with the kind of damning evidence that Nixon's "forgotten Americans" will passively accept. If Mr. Brustein must take the left to task, would it not be sufficient for him to isolate the small band of irrational devils who provoked his response, without also



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implicating numerous other persons and doctrines that he should regard as allies?

First, Mr. Brustein inveighs against "progressive education" as having provided the seedbed of ideas now inflaming the campuses. . . . Having spent nine years in a "progressive" school which developed a "Core" program, I can attest to the fact that knowledge is not subordinated to self-expression. A more accurate description of the progressive theory would be that a student learns more effectively and is better motivated to continue the process of self-education beyond his classroom days if his formal education is conducted in an atmosphere that is warm, and encouraging, and if his interests are encouraged and not stultified. This theory is in no sense inconsistent with the ideas that discipline and skill are worthwhile goals, that education may be difficult and tortuous, or that the individual student may be wrong or foolish.

He speaks of the "insane proliferation of student-faculty committees" as if they were a *necessary* result of granting decisional power to students. Why should this be so? There are a certain number of committees whose decisions do, in Mr. Brustein's sneering phrase, vitally "affect our lives"; if the composition of those committees were altered so that student representatives had partial voting rights, how would the feared proliferation occur? Mr. Brustein also states that "the relationship between teacher and student is strictly tutorial." Why strictly? Is it not true that in addition to instructing students in areas in which they are ignorant or deficient, teachers also decide what the content of the curriculum will be, who should be elevated to tenured positions on the faculty, and how to credit various kinds of academic pursuits beyond the classroom. It is not clear why the teacher's authority as a Chekhov expert would be undermined if his students voted differently on a faculty committee meeting devoted to the question of offering more courses on twentieth century drama.

Finally, I cannot believe that Mr. Brustein truly accepts Paul Goodman's judgment that "the university student is, or should already be, a developed personality, that he comes to the academy not to investigate his 'life style' but to absorb what knowledge he can, and that he is, therefore, preparing himself, through study, research and contemplation, to enter the community of professional scholars." After pondering this vision for awhile, I have finally concluded that Mr. Brustein has been visited by spectres of college students resembling nothing so much as Jules Feiffer cartoon figures – self-absorbed mediocrities talking endlessly about how they are "relating" to people and ideas, devoid of interest in the people or ideas themselves. I do not know any of these new hollow men. But I do know many students who are concerned with *both* academic issues and their "life styles."

Gerald Rosenberg
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

As one who finds himself somewhere on the ragged fringe between the new generation of students and Mr. Brustein's older and wiser "professionals," I am, like Mr. Brustein, somewhat bemused by students' demands for an equal voice in the running of the university, though I suspect they will soon find they have as little taste for the details of administration as do most faculty members and will be satisfied with exercising some influence over major policy decisions which *do* affect their lives (and in which perhaps they should have a voice).

I object, however, to Mr. Brustein's characterization of students' substantive demands as "solipsistic." He implies that their insistence that courses be made more "relevant" reflects a "childish" focus "on a parochial corner of [their] own immediate needs." If he would listen a little more carefully, Mr. Brustein would discover that what students are really demanding is that the "inherited body of knowledge" be taken down out of its glass case and recast in a form in which it can usefully be applied to the problems which confront our society. If I may presume to speak for my black colleagues at Yale, I suspect the title of the course they want to see taught is not "white capitalist exploitation of the black ghetto poor," but rather more like "the role of the law and the lawyer in solving the problems created by exploitation of the ghetto poor." (And if Mr. Brustein needs confirmation that the ghetto poor are being exploited by "white capitalism," he need only refer to the work of some of his own colleagues.)

Russell B. Stevenson, Jr.
Harvard Law School

Sirs:

Were Basho (the 17th Century Japanese master of hokku) to attempt to fathom the motivations of the American college professor, he might be moved to write (with a great deal more skill) something like this:

Scholars zealously
pursuing truth,
Uncertain motives –
deep sorrow.

What is the legitimate role of the sensitive college professor? He is told by some that he is supposed to be an understanding teacher, a skilled researcher, and a responsible citizen. Yet, for many this counsel is part of the problem rather than the solution to it. Fortunate is the man or woman who has the opportunity – as well as the inclination – to balance the three. Perhaps part of a solution lies in submitting the question of the professor's academic identity and role to an *open* forum of *students*, professors, and administrators. This ques-

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tion is not, after all, solely an administrative or a professorial one. Introduce formal and informal discussion (even seminars) to resolve the dilemma. But, above all, include students who have as much stake in the matter as professors and administrators.

Edward Schriver
University of Maine

Sirs:

It would seem to be the permanent delusion of many faculty members in this country that *they* are the university – that the university exists for the purpose of "free inquiry." Such activities are significant but of secondary importance. For example, if high school teachers were to insist that the purpose of the high school was to provide a sanctuary for teachers to improve their educational technique, the assertion would be denied credence. High schools are obviously built for students in the sense that high school education provides the larger society with educated human material to ensure the political, administrative and technological continuity of the social structure. In an age of rapid technological and cultural expansion the university serves the same purpose. The role of faculty has been to professionally train students for acceptable political, administrative, technological or cultural roles in the social structure as a whole. This process provides the highly trained professional elite which is the single most powerful group in the country at this time.

Not only is it obvious that social and political issues are "relevant" to such a process but it is clear that a political and a social analysis of university education is both realistic and necessary. This is hardly a radical concept. Admiral Rickover has been doing it for years. In this analysis it is highly unrealistic to attempt to separate the "university world" from the "social world which is badly in need of reform." If the "university world" as Mr. Brustein envisions it exists, it must be in the private lives or dreams of those faculty with tenure.

The case *against* professionalism is based mainly on the remarkable inadequacy of the professional ideology to recognize instances of political or social relevance. No clearer recent example exists than in the controversy over the March 4 research stoppage here at M.I.T. Various student and faculty groups could agree that the political use of the ABM was of professional concern to trained scientists. Yet no such agreement could be reached on even the *relevance* of Department of Defense financing of research! However, the concept of professionalism is not, as Mr. Brustein implies, in great danger of disintegration. It is undergoing a radical transformation designed to suit the needs of the next generation of professionals – the present students. As a professional geologist and a radical student activist I have no doubt as to that issue.

Professional knowledge is only as significant as the use to which it is put. Any greater claims amount only to professional vanity. Traditional professionalism has resulted in the insulation of the professional from the social and political processes in which he lives. Such a professional is politically and hence professionally impotent as regards the use of his own knowledge. The ineffectuality of scientific objections to the ABM are a case in point. I submit that in our society of the *next* few decades the effective professional will not be the expert informed in his field but the man who has traded some of his professional expertise for political and social experience.

Mr. Brustein's identification of "the amateur" is forced. In his hands the word becomes an epithet and loses significance. Most students, radical and otherwise, have little interest in such definitions. They have a rather prosaic pragmatic interest in *results*. In the context of "liberal education" the fact that LeRoi Jones is in jail rather than in a literature department does not alter the impact of his poetry. Evidently Mr. Brustein's concern with "the amateur" thinly disguises his anger with student activists.

Terence Hamilton-Smith
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Sirs:

Prof. Brustein complains that students "desire to maintain the conditions of childhood, to preserve the liberty they enjoyed in their homes and secondary schools. . . ." What liberty is that? It's only when kids get to college that options for anything like liberty are offered them – no wonder if they then choose to try out "life styles," to see and be who they are.

David Wotz
New York City

Sirs:

I hope you will accept the respect and thanks of a licensed hunter of misleading analogies. The argument in "The Case for Professionalism" is in the best sense "philosophic": one is minded to say that its conclusions are "obvious" but they are not obvious before analysis makes them so, not even to the person who says, "I knew it all along!" To make obvious what could and should be obvious but is not can be a difficult business and I admire the directness and simplicity with which Mr. Brustein has done it.

He is, I believe, accepting and using an epistemological distinction never learned or denied by the muddle-

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heads who make an ideology of adolescence. Aesthetic and moral messiness have any number of causes; at least one is a conceptual confusion: failure to distinguish having an experience and understanding it. Immediate apprehension is either confused with knowledge or the happening or undergoing or suffering of experience is supposed to be a sufficient condition for knowing the truth about events or comprehending their causes, effects or significance. If the celebration of slovenliness has any rationale it lies in this confusion. Since taking immediate experience as indistinguishable from or better than understanding or knowledge – rather than as raw material to be informed by art and ordered by science – was central to the "philosophy" of Italian fascism and to the folkish and romantic worldviews that flowered into the National Socialist ideology, it is just and useful to condemn many theatrical militants in and out of the theatre as fascists in theory, fascistic in practice.

C. Douglas McGee
Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Maine

Sirs:

If one accepts the Platonic conception of education, one must reject the passivity with which Mr. Brustein characterizes learning, i.e., as the process by which one trys to "absorb what knowledge he can," knowledge which is communicated "from one who knows to one who doesn't."

Plato characterizes the tutorial relationship as one of questioning and recollection. Thus he speaks of teaching a slave boy: "The man who does not know has in himself true opinions on a subject without having knowledge . . . [if] questions are put to him on many occasions and in different ways you can see that in the end he will have knowledge . . . [which] will not come from teaching but from questioning. He will recover it for himself." (*Meno* 85d)

The goal of this tutorial process is to produce, in Plato's words, "energetic seekers after knowledge" motivated by the perplexity of the search, not defined by the passivity of absorbing knowledge which is already achieved. The dichotomy which Mr. Brustein constructs between knowledge and self-expression breaks down if one sees learning as a process of drawing out that which is potential within the self. The "professional" alternative appears to be, essentially, turgidity: one grows like a sponge, through absorption.

John R. Wikse
Berkeley, California

Sirs:

College now is requisite for even a position in the middle class, whereas only a generation ago it provided an entrance into the elite. Thus the student who seeks only a suburban home and consumer existence is content with the pep rallies and fraternity parties which sufficed for yesterday, while those who shall be the vanguard must, and are able to, question the basis of this society they shall inherit. These students are not neglecting their courses: those are usually so jejune and uninspiring as to demand little attention. As for Mr. Brustein's jabs at black students' demands (I am black) – I would submit that the centuries of neglect, of which he is aware, can only be corrected by present overemphasis.

Leon J. Greene
College Station, Texas

Sirs:

Nowhere else have I read anything as penetrating, fervent, and clearly stated as "The Case for Professionalism." Its logic and its humanism are striking; in a sane world, it would be read in every room in every school in the nation, and, if taken to heart, would spare us all much unfinished trouble.

Robert H. Chapman
Harvard University

Sirs:

Professor Brustein's defense of authority on the basis of what a teacher knows and is rather than what he does is an attitude contributing to so much conflict in higher education today. No students I know object to a teacher being an authority in his subject. But they do object (in fact, they reject) a teacher who cannot or will not translate his knowledge into relevant terms for his students. "The credentials of distinguished scholars" are useless in the classroom unless these scholars can show students the meaningfulness of their subjects.

Those of us concerned about "techniques of education" (or methods of education) realize that concern over *how* we teach does not mean we have

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abandoned *what* we teach. Perhaps Mr. Brustein should try out his scholarship and lecture method on a ghetto school or a rural isolated high school here in North Carolina.

Sim O. Wilde, Jr.
Dean of Students
North Carolina Wesleyan College

Sirs:

Professor Brustein chose judiciously when he decided to terminate his introductory quotation from Plato immediately before the following passage:

> "The last extreme of popular liberty is when the slave bought with money, whether male or female, is just as free as his or her purchaser; nor must I forget to tell of the liberty and equality of the two sexes in relation to each other."
>
> Plato: *Republic* – Book VIII

David Bruck
New York City
Queens College

Sirs:

Those of us who confront the university do not deny the "inherited body of knowledge . . . transmitted from one generation to another." We're simply demanding that it be something less than dogma. . . . Recently a Cornell professor of military science (a euphemism for ROTC) wrote angrily in the campus newspaper about the chances Cornell students would miss if they gave up ROTC. One of the statistics he gave was a certain percentage of those in the $100,000 to $330,000 a year bracket who were ex-ROTC, hinting that one's probability of winding up in this bracket would be increased by having been such an officer. Apoplexy sets in upon reading such drivel.

After carrying people burned with napalm to the hospital in Can Tho in the post-Tet fighting, I would take club in hand if I discovered my biology lecturer was secretly engaging in research for better bio-chemical tools for the military.

Robert Brustein wants us to remain, not disinterested, but uninterested. I cannot.

Robert Montgomery
Ithaca, N. Y.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

the Isadora, and the subject of egomania, its curses and blessings. Only an egomaniac could have agreed to show us how Isadora danced – a number of times, too. Miss Redgrave, who cannot really dance at all, boldly attempts to recreate the genius of a great, unique dancer. It's a good deal more hazardous than, say, Richard Burton trying to recreate Edwin Booth's genius in *Prince of Players.*

On the other hand, egomania is probably essential to extraordinary acting talent. If we ignore the contradiction between Miss Redgrave's dancing and what everyone says about it, then what there is of legitimacy in the film comes from her acting. Take such a familiar scene as the one in which they place a newborn baby on the pillow next to the mother. With her freshening imagination, with the uniqueness that she has in *her* art, Miss Redgrave makes the scene new, as if it were the first time we had ever seen it on the screen. When she drives through a tunnel and feels memory and foreboding, the shadow of death really seems to touch her. In her 1927 turban, she moves around the Riviera like an exiled queen with a rag or two left of her court. In these scenes she provides the best job of *voice* aging I have heard since Peggy Ashcroft got old in *Edward, My Son* on Broadway; and, throughout, she has fair success with her American accent.

What we get from her – as she is allowed – is a gawky, beautiful Californian girl, brimming over with *fin-de-siècle* dedication to Beauty, a term she uses indiscriminately for art and sex. Insofar as this describes Isadora Duncan, which is not very far, Miss Redgrave has created the character.

"She was afraid of nothing; she was a great dancer." Dos Passos' statement is simple, beautiful, complete. There was a film to be made of Isadora's life, with Miss Redgrave: one that did not – could not – show her dancing yet that showed why she was fearless; that showed her as an artistic force; that showed her private life as inevitable for a woman with her hierarchy of values, her extravagances as the frenzy of genius; that showed her as one of the cultural proofs that the 20th century exists. This long but tiny film – no matter who did what to it – mocks her.

Personals

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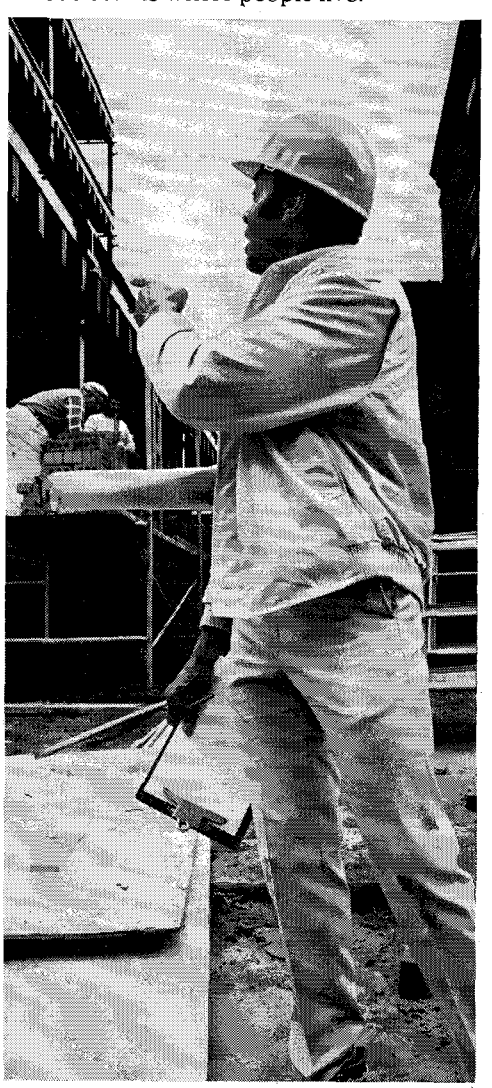

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